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BY their brutal dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have done a service to the cause of academic freedom. They have produced the dramatic event which separates the sheep from the goats, compels men to declare themselves, and throws the whole subject open to public discussion. What has been a murmuring of innuendoes will now be investigated, and all over the country trustees may well find themselves compelled to explain how they administrate their trusts. The recently organized union of college professors under the presidency of John Dewey will be given its opportunity to try its strength in the fire of a controversy; the Committee on Academic Freedom appointed by the Political Science, Sociological, and Economic Associations will be given the chance to investigate, and to prove its value. To all professors the incident should mean the opening up of the question as to whether the teaching faculty is to be governed by trustees and administrators, or whether the professors themselves will take a hand in the control of university affairs.

INSTRUCTORS are far from agreeing as to how much power they wish to have over their own appointment and dismissal. Many of the progressive ones say that a committee of the faculty might allow as little freedom as the trustees and the administrative officers. Many liberal professors would say also that while they were opposed to being governed by trustees representing large business and banking interests, they would nevertheless not be in favor of exclusive faculty control. They would prefer to have the lay public represented, but they would insist on the representation being a real one. They would like to see the wider interests of the community consulted, rather than a mere class of rich men. The upholders of the present arrangement claim that real freedom exists, and that the position of college professors is so strong that an incompetent teacher has only to proclaim himself a radical in order to make his dismissal impossible. The issues here are as vital as any in American life, because the universities are coming more and more to focus the thought of the nation. We depend upon them as upon no other institution to inspire and discipline the democracy. They cannot do that work if they are governed by stupid rich men or stupid politicians. They cannot do it if the freest minds are working constantly under threat of punishment, for it may be taken as an axiom that those who know best how to use freedom suffer most from the lack of it.

EVEN such black reactionaries as these University of Pennsylvania trustees might have handled this case differently if they had known into what a strange song of bigotry their conduct would cause the New York *Times* to burst. In the *Times* editorial the reactionary spirit is heard singing loudly in self-tones. Harsh phrases fall from aged lips —phrases like "crank professors," "these cub professors," "some young crank gets into a professor's chair," "the doctrine of laziness," "a loud howl about academic freedom." Upholders of academic freedom are invited to start a university of their

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own: "Let them provide the funds, erect the buildings, lay out the campus, and then make a requisition on the padded cells of Bedlam for their teaching staff." In such a university the *Times* would tolerate the presence of "cub professors" who "point out to the incapable and the mindless how they can get a good living and enjoy themselves if they only know how to seize upon the fruits of the labor of the efficient and of those who have minds and are not too lazy to use them." But seizing upon the fruits of others' labor is not the only way in which the incapable and the mindless may get a good living. Think how little poverty there would be in the world if all the incapable and mindless ones were getting as good a living as the writer of this *Times* editorial.

THE worst servant of a democracy is the man who obeys the people because he fears them. In his deference to the opinion of others he surrenders his own, and if his example were followed by everyone, the opinion of a democracy would degenerate into little more than timid conventionality. The true democrat does not obey the people; he regards himself as one of the people, with the democratic privilege of having a mind of his own. He never pretends that the majority is necessarily right; he knows that courageous minorities are the very soul of a democracy. This is why there has arisen the curious paradox that many of the best leaders of democracies have had to fight the majority all their lives. Had they not done so, they would have been little more than sheep, and a flock of sheep is not the symbol of a free people. It is the man who stands against the dead uniformity of opinion and breaks it up with some fresh current of ideas, who really creates a situation in which real opinion is possible. A mob cannot think; a nation of one mind may well be a nation of no mind at all, as the terrible intellectual inertia of Europe shows. This is why discerning people place so high a value on courage like that of Governor Slaton's of Georgia. They recognize in it the virtue on which democracies rest—the ability to think independently, the willingness to defy the weight of fixed beliefs, and a loyalty to ideals that cannot be deflected by the anger of a crowd. A democracy is damned when its leaders are slaves; it is safe when its leaders are not afraid to be free.

THE "Grandfather" clauses whereby the Southern states have been preventing the negroes from voting, were both in purpose and effect a flagrant violation of the Fifteenth amendment to the Constitution. Whenever the issue was clearly submitted, no self-respecting court could have failed to declare them void. Yet the result of the decision just handed down by the Supreme Court, particularly when it is repeated for the benefit of those states with a larger proportionate negro population than Maryland and Oklahoma, is likely to be deplorable. Whatever happens, the whites in the South will not allow the negroes to vote. If they cannot prevent the negroes from voting by unconstitutional statutes, they will use, as they did during the 'eighties, more drastic and violent means. In one way or another the negroes, no matter what their constitutional rights, are to be kept away from the polls; and if a whole community is determined to violate the law, its violation under ostensibly legal forms is presumably less harmful than is a perfectly frank substitution of collective force for orderly methods. It is consequently vain to expect any beneficial results from the nullification of the "Grandfather" clauses. The government of the United States is unable to protect the negroes in the exercise of their constitutional rights, save by the use of means which public opinion would not sanction—that is, by the actual presence at the polls throughout the South of national policemen. Public opinion is not even willing to penalize the South for the disfranchisement of the negro by any attempt to cut down its representation in Congress and the electoral college. Yet it is equally unwilling to repeal the Fifteenth amendment. That part of the Constitution can neither be abandoned nor fertilized. It must remain a pretentious piece of legal hypocrisy, which, like all hypocrisies, brings with it the penalty of internal corruption.

A LETTER of Mr. Henry L. Stimson's recently printed in the New York *Times* in which he opposes votes for women, raises fundamental questions as to the meaning and purpose of voting in a democracy. Mr. Stimson is opposed to the suffrage for women because of the "additional strain that it would throw on the efficiency of popular government." In the case of men suffrage was extended to all classes, because "the general contentment" derived from participation in the government by the whole adult male population would outweigh the resulting "impairment in efficiency." But the general interests of men and women do not diverge as do the interests of different classes of men; if women obtain the vote the community would have no compensation for the inevitable increased loss of efficiency. Such is the argument. It bristles with minor difficulties, but the major difficulty is plain. Mr. Stimson conceives of government as a political machine, devised to accomplish certain specific political objects, such as national defense, economic development, and the like. Any individual's title to the vote will depend upon his ability to contribute to the accomplishment of these objects, but in the

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case of certain classes of poor or ignorant men the vote has been conferred in spite of their disqualifications, because their right to vote contributed to the "general contentment" of the community. Thus in order to justify the denial of the vote to women, Mr. Stimson has given a most impoverished reason for adult male suffrage. Voting, except on the part of a few highly qualified men, is conceived as a kind of insurance against discontent, a price which the community has to pay for the existence of class differences. If this conception is true, democracies will not survive in competition with undemocratic communities, who do not need to incur such an expense. From the democratic point of view, adult male suffrage is not fundamentally an insurance against discontent or a guarantee against the oppression of one class by another. Every man is made responsible for the welfare of the community in the expectation that in the long run the attempt to redeem such a responsibility will sufficiently qualify men to undertake it. Every woman for the same reason should have the same responsibility imposed upon her.

SENATOR SAXE has submitted to the constitutional convention at Albany a plan for state political reorganization of altogether exceptional merit. The plan is intended to do away with the conflict of authority and jurisdiction which has always been the particular curse of American state governments, and which the radical changes recently made in the constitutions of the western states have wholly failed to cure. It purposes to substitute an official 'boss' or state political leader for the unofficial bosses whom the progressives of all parties have been fighting. The unofficial bosses are manifestly the result of a real political need. The official machinery was unworkable unless there existed somewhere an authority which would give unity to the work of the independent administrative officials, of the executive and the legislature, and of the many independent legislative committees. The state boss has in fact done the work of reconcentrating the diffused political power of the state; but he has done it by extra-legal means and in the interest of dubious private and partisan purposes. The way to get rid of him is not to hound particular party leaders out of politics or to nominate party candidates by direct popular vote, but to organize an official state political leadership. Mr. Saxe's amendment seeks to accomplish this result by bestowing almost exclusive administrative responsibility on the Governor, by giving to him and his council initiative in legislation and in preparing the budget, and by enabling him, in case of a conflict with the legislature, to dissolve that body and order a new election. This general plan is not new, but in its present form it has been worked out in detail better than ever before. One novelty is a provision that in case the Governor dissolves the legislature he must also stand for a reëlection himself—an ingenious and admirable device which has many of the advantages of the recall without its possible disadvantages. Under a plan such as this the state would get a powerful and responsible government, which would depend none the less for its vitality upon popular cooperation and support.

MR. BRYAN'S speech at Carnegie Hall deserves a place in college text-books as the perfect example of how do-nothingism may go hand in hand with immense pretensions. Mr. Bryan is against armament; he is also against the attempt to create some kind of international organization. He is for the Monroe Doctrine, but he would presumably not fight to maintain it. And though he would not fight to maintain it, he would also refuse "entangling alliances" which might make the Doctrine safe without fighting. Here is the ideal he offers his countrymen: that they should not arm, but also they should not disarm; that they should, in other words, be misarmed; that they should maintain their isolation and at the same time maintain the guardianship of a hemisphere; that they should uphold international law and order but decline to consider any plan for international organization. They should stand absolutely pat, trust the arbitration treaties, and set a moral example. As a program for American pacifism it would have about as much sense as a demand for omelettes accompanied by the specification that no eggs be broken.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us complaining of what was said in our issue of May eighth concerning the conviction of Mr. John A. Lawson, leader of the Colorado strikers. The offensive sentence was as follows: "No one denies that the strikers took up arms, but they did so under conditions where self-respect allowed them no other choice." Our correspondent asks, "If this is not a direct advocacy of insurrection, what is it?" We refer him first of all to the description of justice in Colorado as described in the article published this week. We refer him then to Magna Charta, which was being everywhere lauded last week. We refer him especially to the famous article: "To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay, right or justice." Finally we refer him to Senator Root's characterization of Magna Charta. He said recently before the New York Constitutional Convention that it was "an assertion of right by men who were willing to fight for their rights and to die for them. And during these seven

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hundred years the men to whom that has been the great charter of liberty have been willing to fight for their liberties and to die for them." If this is not a direct advocacy of insurrection, what is it? It is, in Senator Root's own words, the assertion of "a principle of human liberty upon which rests the development of the freedom of the world."

PARLIAMENT'S reassembly under the coalition government has developed a situation which, in the excellent memory of the London *Times,* has no parallel in English history—the disappearance of that yawning abyss of floor space which has divided Radical and Tory members since the morning stars stopped singing together. No longer do the heavy artillery of the Government and the Opposition thunder at each other from the front benches; an M.P. may now step across the floor without being false to his constituency or the memory of his ancestors. The Liberal and the Unionist sit down together and vote as one happy family to cancel the royal warrants of appointment of gentlemen of Teutonic extraction as music publishers to his late Majesty, King Edward VII, and as varnish and enamel manufacturers to her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. This peaceful revolution illustrates anew the admirable flexibility of the British system. Statesmen hold particular places on the benches by courtesy, not by right; according to the misnamed Standing Orders, a member can retain his seat for the day only by going to the length of being present at opening prayers. The ease with which the great gulf was abolished bodes no good for primogeniture and afternoon tea.

"A FIRST-CLASS battleship, fully equipped, will cost next year about $15,000,000. Such an amount would build and equip trade-schools at $75,000 each in how many cities?" This problem from the new war arithmetic compiled by Professor David Eugene Smith suggests a novel and ingenious use of mathematics for propaganda purposes. You present all the tragic data of war and waste in the form of arithmetical problems to your schoolchildren, and then rivet the facts and their significance into their minds by making them solve the problems. The ironic contrast between the utilities and pleasures of civilization and the cost of scattering metals and men in fragments over a continent must be wholly deadly. One of these problems will enrage both the pacifist and the militarist. It is the one that tosses off the fact that in 1914 our army and navy cost us exactly as much as Germany had spent the previous year on hers. The pacifist should be scandalized that our militarism costs us as much as the world's worst militarist, the militarist that we got so little for our money.

"Preparedness" for What?

THE crisis provoked by the European war is putting the mental and moral fibre of the American people to a severe test. They are engaged in discussing the momentous issue of peace and war and its relation to national policy, interests and ideals. As professing democrats they wish to decide this issue for themselves, and if they are to be worthy of their pretensions to democracy they are manifestly under an obligation to make their own decision. But there is no indication as yet of any effective consensus of opinion. At a time when all the other great nations are committed to a specific, if erroneous, national policy in relation to peace and war, the American people are hesitating and drifting. At a time when their own opinion of what is true and false is the most vital fact in relation to the crisis, they are bewildered and unable to make up their mind.

The best illustration of the confusion is the prevailing agitation for and against increased armament. Back of the propaganda in favor of increased armament there is a limited amount of justifiable apprehension, a real need for a better army and navy, some genuine patriotic aspiration, a new expression of the instinctive fighting spirit of the early Americans, and too much incoherent panic and muddled thinking. Back of the uncompromising opposition to any increase of armament there is a profound conviction of the barbarous futility of war, a passionate revolt against its cost in ruin and blood and anguish, a clear vision of the beneficence of peaceful adjustment of human difference, an indisposition to face the realities of international politics, and an ultimate but usually furtive reliance on the doctrine of non-resistance. Both the friends and the foes of increased armament are partly victims of panic. The pacifists in their anxiety to avoid war forget that war is not avoided merely by keeping the peace, and that even the keeping of the peace may involve the use of force. The militarists in their fear of being caught unprepared seem willing at times to plunge the country into one war for the purpose of securing better preparation for another.

Both parties to the controversy are trying to identify war and peace with more or less armament. An agitation of this kind cannot result in any sufficient preparation for war or peace, but at best only in preparation against them. The militarists are not candid. They want a larger army and navy, according to their own account, chiefly as a measure of insurance in favor of peace; but military preparations which are intended merely to protect a nation against attack can never become a positive agency in favor of peace. It makes apprehension

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the measure of armaments, and armaments are none the less threatening to other people because they are made in the name of national defence. Germany is characterizing an attempt to police Europe with German soldiers as a necessary measure of self-protection. Great Britain explains her domination of the seas as an indispensable precaution against invasion and on behalf of the security of her food supply. The excuse can be used to justify practically any amount of military and naval preparation. But unfortunately in this respect the pacifist is no better off than the militarist agitators. If military preparedness is a wholly insufficient guarantee of peace, the lack of military preparedness in a country like the United States increases the cost without diminishing the danger of war. The American nation cherishes possessions, convictions and purposes which are liable to bring it into collision with foreign powers. If it were provoked or thwarted, no lack of armament would prevent it from plunging into war.

The important fact is not whether we are armed or unarmed, it is the spirit in which and the purposes for which the burden of armament is incurred. Both the militarist and pacifist agitators are subordinating ends to means, and are making the controversy about armament an occasion for working upon popular mental and moral frailties. The discussion is not being carried on in a spirit and according to methods which is helping popular opinion to acquire the needed firmness of purpose and clearness of vision. The army and the navy are not ready to do the work which may be eventually imposed upon them; but they are far better prepared than are the mind and will of the American nation. If the people are to count in the present crisis, if they are to exercise the control over their foreign policy which the democracies of Europe have not possessed, they must make up their minds what the true objects of such a foreign policy are and how such objects are best to be obtained.

Our peculiar unpreparedness results from the necessity of readjusting a traditional foreign policy to new conditions. The great majority of good Americans have regarded the foreign policy of the country as adequate and as irrevocable as the Constitution. The United States was divided from Europe both by three thousand miles of water and by difference of political ideals. Its geographical isolation enabled the American nation to preserve its democracy undefiled by European autocracy and militarism. Our foreign policy was contrived for the purpose of maintaining this advantage. We were not to interfere with European affairs, and we were not to allow Europe to interfere with our affairs or those of our neighbors. So long as we succeeded in keeping European political influence negligible in the two Americas, it did not make much difference to us what happened in Europe. Our isolation was the safeguard of our democracy. Our democracy brought with it no responsibility in foreign politics except that of preserving our isolation. American nationality was associated with certain positive social purposes at home, but abroad it brought with it only negative associations and responsibilities.

If the American people are to be mentally and morally prepared for peace and war they must substitute a positive for a negative responsibility in foreign affairs. Their geographical isolation, like their rigorous constitutionalism, was an advantage during youth, but it accustomed Americans to a provincial and indifferent attitude towards the problem of world politics. It prevented them from thinking internationally and from seeking to adjust their own national interests and ideals to those of other countries. The war has done away with the isolation; it has done away in part with the indifferentism; but it has not done away with the provinciality and the consequent inexperience. Instead of thinking and acting as a self-contained democracy whose virtue depended upon its isolation, the American people must think and act as a democracy whose future depends upon its ability to play its part and assume its responsibility in a society of democratic nations.

Mental and moral preparedness of this kind will not insure the United States against war, but it will make war less probable. The treaty of peace will bring into existence a new Europe which is almost certain to be an unstable compromise among conflicting ideas and forces. European instability will infect the rest of the world. The United States cannot occupy to the new Europe the same relation which it occupied towards the old. American public opinion will have to decide what a new Europe can fairly demand of a new America. We shall have to decide whether the United States is strong and disinterested enough to play a wholly independent part, or whether it will have to take sides and accept the resulting friendships and enmities. What the United States cannot do is to do nothing. In that case apprehension would conspire with events to increase the probability of war. But if we are able to distinguish what the real dangers are to American interests and ideals and what the most effective contribution is which the United States can make to an improved international system, and if we act on this knowledge, we shall be able either to avoid fighting or to accept a fight only for some object worth while. Few really desirable political objects can be achieved by war, but some there are that can be. A nation is pre-

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pared for war and peace when it realizes what its interests and responsibilities are, and resolutely seeks their adjustment with the interests and responsibilities of other nations. Thus preparedness consists more in knowing what we have to do and why we wish to do it, than in a feverish haste to make ready to do it in some particular way. If the end is clear and certain, there cannot be much doubt about the means.

A League of Peace

PROFESSOR Münsterberg declined to attend the recent Philadelphia conference on a League of Peace because "a time in which the war news of every hour appeals to sympathies and antipathies is hardly the time to begin this sacred work which alone could bring us the blessed age of our vision, the United States of the World." Many who would disagree with Professor Münsterberg on every point of the war will agree with him here. They will laugh at the neutrals safely behind the line of fighting, offering paper resolutions to the nations blind and deaf with war. They will point out that every struggle has produced its dream of permanent peace, and that these dreams have always evaporated in the truces which are the only peace the world has known. They will perhaps feel that they are realistic men of the world because out of all this agony they have gathered the one conclusion that what has always been must always be. But the men who went to Philadelphia, the women who went to The Hague, the workers in England known as the Bryce group, the Union of Democratic Control, and the Round Table, the peace societies and the socialists, have no reason for giving up their work because their vision is the easy target of a sneer. Their retort is obvious and crushing. No peace propaganda can possibly be as disastrous and imbecile as the tangle of hates, fears, jealousies and suspicions which is torturing the world. At the present moment a man can be a very big fool about peace, and still look most of the world in the face without blushing.

The Philadelphia conference was extraordinarily sensible because it recognized so clearly its own limitations. It did not propose to stop the war. It did not urge anybody to act before he was ready to act. It did not try to stampede our government or any European government into some theoretical program. It tried merely to focus the ideas which have been most common in England and America during the last ten months. Under impressive circumstances, in a hall filled with noble memories, it crystallized a number of vague ideas into an hypothesis. The conference was visibly trying to reach some minimum agreement for the purpose of clarifying the thinking of individuals and groups all over the world.

Nobody is expected to act upon the resolutions, but everybody is expected to give what thought and knowledge and imagination he may have towards maturing the intentions which they expressed. The conference did what every person must do constantly for himself whenever he is trying to think out a long and complex problem. It stopped for breath and for a renewal of faith; it made a tentative proposal as a guide for the thought which is to follow. With great sanity it took no doctrinaire position, laid down no rule, such as peace-at-any-price, honor-cannot-be-arbitrated, sovereignty-is-one-and-indivisible, or any of the other assumptions which obscure pacifist and militarist argument. The delegates in Philadelphia were scientific in their spirit; they did not even attempt that over-precise definition of the final end which always results in the misleading use of theory. They were not doctors who begin their study of disease by trying to define the ideal healthy man, they were not political doctrinaires who begin by defining the ideally peaceful world. They were agreed, as doctors are agreed, that a sounder organic constitution is required, and that pain and suffering should be lessened as much as possible; but they did not attempt to say that they would not inflict pain to cure pain, or wage war to preserve the peace.

The idea which the delegates had uppermost in their thoughts was a league of nations that should give power to international law. It is an extension of The Hague plan by which the nations attempt not only to set up a court, but to compel those who have a dispute to go to the court. As we understand the resolutions, they do not take the added step of agreeing to enforce the decision of the court.

The idea is based on a tremendous compromise, as our own history shows. We were once a league of foreign states, suspicious of common action and jealous of each sovereign prerogative. On the greatest issue of our history we fought our greatest war, and the states which represented union and federalism put an end once for all to the unlimited sovereignty of any individual state. Our Civil War established the supremacy of the federal power over the states.

The United States of the World would face the same problem, though on a much more difficult scale. It will find that a court to adjust mistakes is not enough, for the really important conflicts that provoke war are not "justiciable." They are matters upon which a policy has to be declared—upon which, in brief, legislation is needed. Some kind of legislature a League of Peace would have to establish, and with a legislature and court would have to go an executive. This would open up the

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problem of representation, of the large and populous state as against the small ones, of the "satisfied powers" against the "unsatisfied." For it is clear that the British Empire will not consent to give to Montenegro equal representation, or the United States to Venezuela. Here will be the question of conflicts between international and national legislation, similar to the conflicts which our Supreme Court is called upon to settle. All the problems of home rule, such as that of Ireland within the Empire, and of Ulster within Ireland, would have to be met in territory like that of the Balkans, by the League of Peace. It would have to determine whether, for example, the sovereignty of a national India was an internal question for the British Empire, or a legitimate subject for international settlement.

The League would have to work out the problem of unexploited territories, of weaker peoples, and of disorderly states. Just as our original union had the whole West to organize, so the League would have Africa, large parts of Asia, and the middle Americas as a kind of international domain. It would have to meet those who want merely to exploit, and to support those who are liberal enough to throw about weaker peoples that protection under which they can really grow to freedom. Nor would that be all. The League would have to legislate about concessions, trading rights, tariffs, about spheres of influence, about the use of great ocean and land highways. As soon as it grappled with the economic aspects of diplomacy, it would find, just as our government found, that interstate commerce cannot be regulated satisfactorily by conflicting state interests.

In other words, there is no stopping short at a league to prevent war. Such a league would either grow to a world federalism, or it would break up in civil war. But that, far from being an argument against the League, is the strongest possible argument for it. It is the first step towards a closer world organization, and once that step is taken, the world will have to choose between taking some of the next steps and returning to the anarchy of sovereign nationalities. The vast implications of the League of Peace are what make it important. And its real service to mankind may well be that it will establish the first rallying point of a world citizenship.

The development of such a citizenship is one of the great moral and educational problems of this century. It cannot mean a vague cosmopolitanism. It must mean the training of people who have learned to modify their national policies so that these do not make impossible an international allegiance. This war has offered us an example of such citizenship. The Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders who are fighting in Flanders and at the Dardenelles are living and dying for the largest political organization the world has so far known. Their allegiance in the British Empire is to a state which embraces one-quarter of the human race. Never before in history have men been loyal to so great and so diversified a unit. They have literally come from all the ends of the earth to preserve a union of democracies. They have shown by example what any World League most needs to know, that federalism on a grand scale is not an idle dream.

The Issue in Vocational Education

NOTHING is more significant of the new spirit in public education than our use of the term "vocational training." It strikes out at a blow the old antithesis between the cultural and the utilitarian. For a genuine vocation implies neither a life devoted to thought, nor a dull mechanical job to which personal and artistic and intellectual interests are mere trimmings—recreations which can be easily omitted by those who cannot afford to pay for them. A vocation is rather a nucleus of any kind of interesting activity by which one earns one's living, and around which whatever else comes to one's experience clusters to enhance its value and interest. It is not fantastic to hope that the very demands of modern industrial technique will make of most trades just such nuclei. When we justify trade-schools and industrial courses by the existence of law and medical and engineering schools, we are implying that the skilled worker in modern industry can and should lead a life as genuinely "professional" as the lawyer and doctor and engineer.

New York City has at the present time a unique opportunity to meet these important issues. In no other city has the question been so squarely presented. New York has to choose between what is called the Ettinger plan, put into operation by a local superintendent to solve "part-time" and vocational training problems, and the Gary plan, as worked out by William Wirt and now on trial under his personal direction in several of the New York schools. In that choice may be indicated the tendencies and purposes of industrial education in this country.

The Ettinger plan emphasizes in the sharpest way the difference between "cultural" and "industrial" work. The child chooses between them in his sixth or seventh year of school. If economic pressure is going to force him into manual work, he is allowed to try a number of different trades in the school industrial shops in order to discover

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what he is best fitted for. This hasty experimentation has received the schoolman's label of "prevocational." Having chosen his trade, the young worker specializes in the shop, under conditions as nearly as possible like the trade, continuing in trade-school or technical high school, or in the industry under a cooperative scheme, as in the German schools. His academic studies, as far as they are continued, are of a severely practical character, theory and science being used merely to explain the industrial processes which he is learning. The ideal is a specialized school, gradually breaking off from the traditional one and developing radically different methods and interests. The object of the industrial course is to turn out a competent workman who has escaped the blind occupations of those who leave school at the minimum age.

The school under this plan may give the child an elementary industrial training, with an intellectual orientation better than he could get under any system of apprenticeship, but it can scarcely be said to give a vocational training. The Ettinger plan treats the child solely as a potential workman who is to be absorbed as a permanent subordinate in one specialized trade of a rigidly organized industrial system. It makes of the school a mere downward extension of the staple trades and machine industries, a sort of kindergarten where the employer gets his workmen trained, free of cost to himself. It quite ignores any other rôles the young worker may be called upon to play in society—as citizen or as member of an economic class. It makes an undemocratic class-division in the public school, and by divorcing the academic from the industrial work gives to both the wrong setting.

The Gary plan, on the other hand, prepares for a genuinely vocational life. It views the world outside the school not as a collection of trades but as a community, a network of occupations and interests, of interweaving services, intellectual, administrative, manual. It sees the individual as a citizen who contributes his share to the community and pays for the things he enjoys. The school itself is organized as a community, self-supporting industrially and as varied in its work, study and play as is the larger community. The industrial work is made an indispensable part of the maintenance and enhancement of this school community life. The Gary child begins in his third or fourth school year as helper in a shop or laboratory that interests him. If he is to work at a trade after he leaves school, he gets a long and thorough training under real workmen in the school shops engaged in the repair and maintenance of the school-plant. He is at no time called upon to choose between the "academic" and the "industrial." His work is a focussing of all the interests of the school, and the attitudes developed in the school are bound to be carried into productive life and to give a new setting to the business of making a livelihood. Science, apart from the light it throws upon the artisan's trade, is bound to mean something to him, for in the Gary school it has answered his questions about the physical world around him. History and geography and sociology and economics are likely to mean something because they have answered questions about the social institutions and the relations of men. Art and music will continue to interest him because they have been an integral part of the school life. The Gary plan would tend to produce not only a skilled workman but a critical citizen, ready, like the energetic professional man, to affect the standards and endeavors of his profession and the community life.

The Ettinger plan is as economically unsound as it is pedagogically unsound. It requires special teachers, and expensive shops which are unproductive. Without state or federal subsidies, the cost of any extensive or even adequate industrial training in trade-school or elementary school will continue to be prohibitive. The Gary plan, which connects the school shops directly with the repair and maintenance of the school-plant, demands and can afford a much greater variety of shops than the ordinary school. And since the workmen-teachers earn their salaries by their work, the children get their industrial training practically without cost to the community. By the Gary plan the vocational training features are only practicable if all the other liberally varied "cultural" features are put into operation at the same time. This effectually prevents that "exploitation" of the children which its opponents fear because the young workers get their training as "apprentices" in the school shops.

Many who admit the superior social aims of the Gary plan are inclined to feel that the practical results of the two plans will not be radically different. But the Gary plan and the Ettinger plan are not merely two different ways of reaching the same end. They not only involve different conceptions of the school and of industrial society, but they are bound to turn out different kinds of people.

The Ettinger plan is dangerous because it is typical of most schemes now being put forward by the advocates of industrial education. These plans are concerned neither with genuine educational interests nor with genuine industrial interests, but only with the interest of the employer. No person who feels that the public schools should train critical citizens who will have something to say to the industrial system into which they go, and not mere docile workers, counting socially no more than their tools, will fail to realize the vast importance that the Gary plan should prevail over all these schemes.

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Free Speech for Teachers

COMMISSIONER FINLEY'S decision in the Rodman case seems to close a rather ominous chapter in the history of the New York public school system. Up to a few years ago the Board of Education had a rule which compelled all women teachers to resign as soon as they married. When the matter was carried up to the courts, the Court of Appeals finally decided that marriage was not "gross misconduct," and that the Board of Education had no authority for its practice of discharging efficient teachers for no other reason than that of marriage. The Board of Education had the choice between appealing to the legislature for authority to do that which it had hitherto been doing illegally, or of accepting the decision and living up to it. Both courses required some intelligent courage on the part of the members, so they decided to do neither. Instead they adopted a policy of discrimination against married women teachers, hoping to accomplish by indirection that which they had no right to do directly. In pursuance of this policy the Board made the absence of teachers for the purpose of childbirth a cause of dismissal, and refused to grant any leave of absence in such cases. The public indignation which this course of conduct aroused, and the adverse decision of the Commissioner of Education, ultimately forced the Board to give up the policy. While public discussion of this matter was at its height, Miss Rodman, a woman teacher, wrote a letter to F. P. A. in the New York *Tribune* facetiously referring to the gentle sport of "mother-baiting" in which the object is "to kick the mother teacher out of her position." For this offense the Board of Education, acting as the injured party, accuser, and judge, suspended her for nearly a year, thereby fining her eighteen hundred dollars. This act Commissioner Finley now sustains, though apparently recognizing its unusual harshness in urging the Board to reconsider its action.

The ground upon which Commissioner Finley based his decision is that the Board of Education was acting in a judicial capacity, and was therefore entitled to protection against adverse comment. This reason will hardly bear close scrutiny. Waiving the question as to whether the Board was acting in a judicial capacity rather than attempting to legislate beyond its authority, it is clear that if comments of the kind that Miss Rodman made did interfere with the deliberation of the Board, several of the editorial writers of New York newspapers should also have been punished for contempt of this peculiar court. Miss Rodman's act in writing to the *Tribune* was not one in the course of her employment as a teacher. It was something that she did in her capacity as a citizen outside of the schoolroom, and the question how far the Board of Education has a right to try teachers for acts done in their capacity as citizens is one that Commissioner Finley does not deal with.

Obviously the only ground on which the action of the Board of Education can possibly be sustained is the one of discipline. If teachers are allowed to criticize their superiors, discipline will be undermined. The army rather than the court offers the effective analogy. But this raises squarely the issue whether we want the Prussian military ideal to permeate our public school system, especially when its heads are not experts but laymen, who give what time they can spare from their private business. Moreover, not even in the German army is the offended superior both accuser and judge. In a court-martial an officer is tried by fellow officers.

In view of Miss Rodman's offer to apologize to the Board for the tone of her letter—the facts therein stated are beyond dispute—it is clear that the unusually heavy punishment is either the expression of the petty revenge of a defeated party, or part of a policy of "frightfulness" to prevent the teachers in the public school system from expressing opinions on a subject in which they are qualified. But apart from the merits of the Board's action, it raises a fundamental issue of democratic government: how far should persons be compelled to give up their rights as citizens when they enter the public service? Against the claims of "discipline" a great deal may be said in favor of an educational system in which teachers are not afraid to call their souls their own. It is to be hoped that some public-spirited body will make it possible to carry the case to the courts and determine whether the terms of our bill of rights have any application to these issues.

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Oxford in Wartime

HAPPIER than Louvain, Oxford still keeps her "dreaming spires." But the young dreamers who lived beneath them are no longer here. They have gone to the wars, where they, or such of them as still live, are otherwise occupied than in dreaming; unless it be true, as one sometimes feels, that a hideous nightmare has fallen on the world.

Out of thirty-five hundred men students, the number in normal times, there are not more than nine hundred in residence—and most of these are foreigners, newcomers under age, or men physically disqualified. The women's colleges are little affected in numbers. Somerville, the chief of these, has been turned into a huge hospital; the women have been accommodated in Oriel, whose undergraduates seem to have enlisted in a body. New College, Magdalen, and Balliol are quarters for the officers of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. The Oxford Hussars are in Christ Church meadows. There is a mounted brigade at Lincoln and two heavy batteries at Exeter. From New College alone 738 men are with the forces; this may serve as a sample of all. The Examination Schools, the Town Hall, and other public buildings are hospitals. Wounded men are also accommodated in the college gardens.

One meets the wounded everywhere. Fresh convoys continually arrive. Two hundred came in last night—nearly all bad cases. Some of them, as a nurse informed me, "were shot to bits." There were others who wore no bandages; we heard them coughing incessantly as they were lifted from the ambulance. In this connection I will mention a detail which is not without significance. A student of my acquaintance who had been rejected on account of a weak heart heard those coughs, went this morning to a fresh recruiting office, concealed the truth, and got himself accepted.

There is a corps in Oxford known as Godley's army—so called after the University Orator who started it. It consists of university men who for age or any other reason are ineligible for service in the field. The Poet Laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, the Regius Professor of Greek, Mr. Gilbert Murray, the Vinerian Professor of Law, Mr. W. M. Geldart, the Professor of English Literature, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others of high academic rank are among the recruits. Any day you may see them on the march—"bold as a button," to quote the remark of a bystander. They have been a mark, of course, for many jokes; none the less they have a martial bearing, and though a charge might try the wind of some of them, I will undertake to say that a trench manned by Godley's army would be well held.

I doubt if there is any town or city in the United Kingdom, or in the wide world, where the significance of the present war is more deeply grasped than it is at Oxford. Oxford at the present moment is not a gloomy place, but it is a profoundly serious place. A careless observer might note nothing beyond an unusual quiet and emptiness, except indeed for soldiers and wounded men. But one whose observations went further and were more prolonged would become aware of other and deeper changes. The gaiety and light-heartedness which come from the presence of youth, and the infection of which is to be seen even in venerable men devoted to the gravest of studies, are much subdued. On faces whose look of thoughtfulness would always have attracted attention there is now a look of stern resolution, perhaps of suffering due to the most intimate of causes, which was not there before. Those who are left behind still gather in their common rooms and keep up the old customs of fellowship and hospitality. But there is a difference, such as one finds when men's minds are preoccupied with something greater than they care to talk about.

It is not literally true to say that Oxford has sent her sons to the war. They simply went of their accord—went *en masse*. I am not aware that the authorities ever urged them to go; they had no need to do so. The "authorities"—at least those of them who were of military age—went with them, and some will return no more. In Cambridge it was just the same. What proportion of the teaching faculty has gone I do not know; but the younger branch of it has disappeared. There are regiments known to me whose junior officers are composed almost entirely of university dons and undergraduates. Seldom does a list of casualties appear which does not contain the names of some of them. For a long time we have been counting our dead, and the total grows apace. Our students, our fellow teachers, are fighting and dying side by side. And our sons are with them.

That means much in a place like this. In every university known to me I have been struck by the singular beauty of its family life. Nowhere else, in proportion to its size, will you find family life so united as it is at a university. I have seen it at Harvard and Yale, and I think an American visitor would find the same thing here. Well, our families are having an anxious time. Many of our

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women are in mourning. When a telegram comes to the door our wives shut themselves in their bedrooms. Here, as elsewhere, the women are the chief sufferers. Here as elsewhere, too, they are heroic above all the rest. One who has lost her eldest said to me the other day, "If I had twelve I would give them all." That is the spirit of our professors' wives. It is the spirit of the women throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Just because we have realized the war so deeply it is more difficult to maintain a vital interest in our academic work. It is not that we are discouraged by empty classrooms, but rather by a feeling of emptiness, of littleness, of unreality in the ordinary work of our calling. Perhaps in this I ought to speak for myself only; others can make their own confessions if they will. In ordinary times I have taken a keen interest in explaining to students the intricacies of Kant's philosophy. I frankly confess that I take, and can take, no interest in such things at the present moment. A sense that I am fiddling while the world is on fire comes over me. In presence of the issues which I believe to be at stake in this war it seems to me hardly worth debating whether Kant were right or wrong. As to my own part I can hardly escape from self-contempt at the thought that I should be engaged in these pursuits while the men I love, yes, my own flesh and blood, are facing death. And facing it for what? That I, and others like me, may be safely protected in our academic seclusion, free to live our quiet life and pursue our innocent vocations. But for these men Oxford would be as Rheims, and Cambridge would be like unto Louvain. It is a poignant thought, and I have no doubt it is responsible for many a "flat" lecture in the sparsely attended classrooms of Oxford. Moreover, I doubt whether, for the rest of my life, I shall ever hear the name of a German philosopher without thinking of poison and the Lusitania.

There is reason to think that the experience I am describing will have upon many of us a wholesome effect. Perhaps we have been in the habit of taking our academic selves a little too seriously. Perhaps our interests were not quite as important as we thought them to be. We may have looked at the world in narrow perspectives. I believe that hereafter we shall try to bring our academic life into closer touch with reality. We shall have a broader sense of proportion. We shall be less inclined to overestimate the importance of many things about which we have had a great deal to say—for example, German metaphysics. Everything that we have thought and written and lectured about will stand in a new context.

In normal times the view of life taken by Oxford is cheerful and optimistic. We think often and deeply about the evil of the world, but we do not see very much of it and feel less of it than perhaps we deserve. But just now Oxford is not taking so cheerful a view of the state of civilization. Judging from the conversations I hear there is a feeling abroad that something has gone radically wrong with the human race; and we are trying to find out what it is. Some years ago I had a long talk with an Indian thinker about the alleged "progress" of the Western world, in which he did not believe at all. We were standing on an eminence near London, the lights of which filled the distance with a vast diffused illumination. "You Christians," said the Indian, "speak of hell as though it were some future state of existence. You do not know that you are there already. There"—and he pointed to London—"there is hell—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." At the time this remark struck me as gross and fantastic exaggeration. But only the other day one of the calmest thinkers in Oxford, than whom there is no man less capable of exaggeration, expressed the same thought in yet stronger language. "Can hell," he said, "show anything worse than this? Centuries of progress have brought us—to what? If Dante had put such things into his Inferno you would say they were overdrawn. If Milton had ascribed such things to Satan you would say he had libelled the Prince of Darkness." When thoughts like this are stirring in the mind of Oxford, even the severest critic may be disposed to think that there is yet hope for "the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties." And the mind of Oxford is in this respect the mind of England. We are learning in suffering what someone, some day, may teach us in song. At all events, we mean to win through.

From time to time our boys come back to us for a brief spell—from the camps where they are being trained, and occasionally from the fighting front. How they are changed! They were boys when they left us; they are men now. They are full of health, vigor, and determination. But some of the laughter and frolic has gone out of them; there is a look of self-detachment and sternness in their faces. One need not be an Englishman to be proud of them; it is enough to be a human being, for they are an honor to the race. Many of them, I well know, had no previous love for the profession of arms. Fighting to kill was the last thing they would ever have desired. I remember a remark about this made by William James in almost the last conversation I had with him. After some kindly and very true criticisms of our English ways and character he said: "But after all you are a martial people, and when the time comes you will show it." May it not be that nations which hate war are precisely those which breed the best warriors? No

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man hated war more than Cromwell. There are many Oxford men now in the army of whom this might be said. It was just the same at Harvard, I imagine, when the flower of your youth answered the call of the Civil War.

I have spoken of the poignant thoughts which come to us who are left behind. But I have a worse thing to record. Only the other day a horrible sight was witnessed not many miles from this place. It was a huge crowd of betting men fighting for room in a train which was to take them to the races. The sight of such a crowd is at any time humiliating, for it represents the foulest scum of our "civilization." But at this time it was appalling. To think that our bravest and best are shedding their blood for such as these! As I watched I thought of the splendid boys whom Oxford has sent to the war. I thought of this one and of that whom we shall see no more. There are worse things than conscription.

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Italy's Bargain

IT has been said that the business of every Peace Congress is to arrange the war of the day after to-morrow. The epigram deserves indeed to rank among the great safe commonplaces. Half our professors of history have made an honest living by illustrating this generalization from the records of the Congress of Vienna. The Congress of Berlin is a case hardly less notorious. One may safely say that it made this particular war by handing over Bosnia to Austria, as it made the two Balkan wars by restoring Macedonia to the Turks. The epigram, however, is not quite fair to congresses. They are commonly impotent even for mischief. The sinister arrangements which they ratify are commonly made in bargains between individual Powers outside them, and before they meet. Russia, for example, sold Bosnia to Austria as the price of her neutrality during the Russo-Turkish war. When and where the aged survivors of the present war will meet in congress we do not know, but already we can catch a glimpse of one of these characteristic arrangements. It has been signed and settled for about a month in nominal secrecy, over the heads of all the peoples concerned, and if the next congress should ratify it, even a cautious prophet may safely predict the nature and cause of the next European war. It will not be at all an original war. It will simply be another war for the completion of south-Slav unity, and the only doubtful point about it is whether it will be like this, a universal war, or whether Italy and the new Serbia will be left to fight it out with a limited number of allies and seconds. The arrangements have been made chiefly in London and Paris, but Petrograd has given a reluctant consent. I refer, of course, to the bargain by which Italy has adhered to the Triple Entente in the understanding that she shall annex the greater part of Dalmatia.

The plain facts about the ethnography of the Adriatic region are fortunately not in dispute. One may argue indefinitely about the ethnography of Macedonia and Albania, and in the end the decision will turn on whether a man who learned to speak Albanian at his mother's knee, and was thereafter persuaded by his teachers and his priests that Greek is the only tongue for an educated man, should be reckoned as an Albanian or a Greek. There is much to be said for either view, and a perfectly disinterested man may adopt either, or even each in turn. But these puzzles need not vex us on the Adriatic shore. The districts in which Italians predominate are limited and clearly defined. There is an Italian majority in the big city of Trieste which dwindles in its outer suburbs and disappears in the surrounding countryside. There is also an Italian majority along the western coast of the peninsula of Istria which disappears as one gets out of sight of the sea. Fiume, the Croat seaport, is by an immense majority Slavonic. The long coast-line province of Dalmatia, a thin strip of island and shore between the sea and the mountains, is Slav from end to end. The Slavs form ninety-six per cent of its population, and even the three per cent which is politically Italian includes many families whose names and home language are, or lately were, Slav. The densest Italian population in Dalmatia is to be found in the town of Zara, and even there it does not amount to a third. These are the figures of the Austrian census, usually a reliable and scientific piece of work, superintended by officials who have no tenderness either for Italians or Slavs, and no fixed preference for either.

The wildest Italian irredentist has never ventured to assert that the Italian population of Dalmatia is over ten per cent. That figure is highly exaggerated, but even if we were to accept it, the argument would not be affected. The plain fact is that Italy has claimed, and the Triple Entente has assigned to her, a province whose population is at least nine-tenths Slav. It is true that it is

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not perfectly homogeneous. Some are Croats, who belong to the Roman communion and use the Latin alphabet. Some are Serbs, who are Orthodox and use the Cyrillic script. They speak the same language; their old feud has been for many years a thing of the past. At the worst they were always united against Italian pretensions. For some years, with the exception of a small and elderly clerical minority which is pro-Austrian and not pro-Italian, the Croats have been as eager as the Serbs for the union of all the south Slavs in one great Serbian federation. One may go further; of all the branches of this divided race, the Croats of Dalmatia are probably the most advanced, the best educated, the most race-conscious, and the most likely to suffer by alien rule. The Slovenes of Goritzia and behind Trieste are also pure Slavs, but they speak a dialect—perhaps one should call it a language—which differs appreciably from Serbo-Croat. But they have no Italian sympathies, and they also have latterly adhered to the program of south-Slav unity. I do not know exactly where the Italian boundary has been drawn behind Trieste, but it certainly engulfs some Slovenes, probably a large number. In Dalmatia the frontier has been drawn below Sebenico, and includes in that province alone over a half million Slavs.

Nationality is not a principle which one can push to fanatical extremes. There are many cases in Europe where a reasonable settlement would have to ignore it, for the sake of economic convenience or geographical necessity. Isolated minorities must sometimes be engulfed, and ports must sometimes be given away. The most one can demand in such cases is some security for tolerance and self-government. In this instance such considerations tell the other way. Even Trieste, for all its indisputably Italian character, is naturally the port of Central Europe, and belongs to Italy only by sentiment and culture. Dalmatia belongs economically and geographically so obviously to its Slav hinterland, that even if its population were mainly Italian there would be a strong case for including it in a Great Serbia. To shut a race off from the sea is always a precarious policy, even when it does not inhabit the coast, but to rob it of its coast and population at once is to double a geographical error with a political crime.

What then does Italy want? Some Italians will remind us that the Venetians once held much of this coast—as they held Crete and the Morea—or that the architecture is Italian—as indeed it is all over the Near East—or else that the culture of the country owes much to Italy—as what culture does not? This is the mere embroidery of politics. The plain fact is that Italy wants to assure to herself the absolute mastery of the Adriatic. She dreads the development of Great Serbia as a strong naval power—for the Croats of the coast are fine seamen—and she thinks to assure herself by leaving her rivals of the future with nothing but a beggarly "outlet" at Ragusa and Cattaro. Even if it be true, as we are assured, that pledges have been given for freedom of trade at Fiume and other ports, the political menace remains. Serbia may be effectually prevented from becoming a naval power; one hopes, indeed, that she might be wise enough to renounce the ambition. But she will be a formidable military power, and whatever submission one may make to a hard necessity today, she will never renounce the ambition of one day redeeming this population which Italy has filched from her.

The prospect that the peace of southeastern Europe will be overshadowed by this crime against nationality is in itself sufficiently serious. It will mean continual repression in Dalmatia itself; it will mean the arming to the teeth of all the Serbs for another war of unification. Worst of all, perhaps, it will mean diplomatic intrigues and alliances. Italy proposes also to take Avlona from the Albanians. They may one day, in spite of their present immaturity and anarchy, be strong enough to resent it. She has taken Rhodes and the Twelve Islands from the Greeks. It needs no great foresight to foresee an eventual combination of Greeks and Serbs, and even perhaps of Albania, to reverse these anti-national arrangements.

I detect a smile on the countenance of any official Italians who may chance to read these lines. "You forget Bulgaria, my dear sir. If we rob Serbia, you may be sure that Serbia will not restore Macedonia to Bulgaria. Two wrongs don't make a right, but they do make a Balance of Power. If Serbia should dare to move against us, Bulgaria will attack her flank." It is an astute Machiavellian calculation, but precarious as all such calculations are. It does indeed seem to make the policy of injuring Serbia a little less flagrantly improvident than appears at first sight. But what a prospect it opens out for the future of Europe. This robbing of Serbia does indeed make it all but certain that Bulgaria will not receive the satisfaction of her legitimate national claims. If Italy steals a slice of Dalmatia, Serbia will cling as "compensation" to her own unjust gains in Macedonia. If Bulgaria in her turn wants compensation, she too will be told to take it by robbing someone else—by taking Thrace, which has a large Greek and Turkish population, but only a faint tincture of Bulgarians.

This bargain between Italy and the Triple Entente may help to win this war, but Europe will

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be lucky if we escape two future wars as a consequence, one for Serbian and another for Bulgarian unity. The Allies began this war in the name of nationality. They have now sanctioned a crime against nationality far less excusable than the German annexation of Alsace in 1871, and as certain to bring disaster. Alsace was German by race and language. But Dalmatia has never been Italian, and by no dragooning or coercion can it be made Italian. The facts are well known in England. Sir Arthur Evans and Dr. Seton-Watson have made their unavailing protest. Our Foreign Office has made its bargain, and it will stick to it, it would say, "immovably." Russia, under Franco-British pressure, has yielded with great reluctance, influenced in the end by the views of the Holy Synod and other forces of darkness which were rather glad to see these heretic Catholic Slavs excluded from Orthodox Serbia. But Serbia has not yielded, and until she yields, the question is not settled. She is capable of reckless, some would say heroic obstinacy. A compromise is easily conceivable which would give to Italy all the strategic points she requires without subjecting the people of Dalmatia to alien rule. It is not too late for the last of the neutrals to speak an emphatic word. America cannot stop this war, but she might do something to prevent the next.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London, June.

Shall Visit and Search Be Waived?

THE sinking of the Lusitania has precipitated a discussion of international law governing warfare on the sea. Some justify the blowing up of merchant vessels without warning, assuming that visit and search as preliminary measures have become obsolete technicalities. There even seems to be a disposition among certain naval men to favor giving unusual privileges to the submarine as a commerce destroyer.

It is time to question some of the claims made for under-sea craft. Are they fundamentally different from other war vessels? They certainly are not in their armament. Their weapons, consisting of small-caliber naval guns and torpedo tubes, are nearly identical with those of small cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo boats. Their speed is still inferior to that of other torpedo craft. In size and number of crew they closely approximate ordinary torpedo vessels. They are but slightly more frail than are other ships of similar size. The one difference is their capacity to seek safety and concealment beneath the surface of the water. This power enables the submarine to approach its prey secretly and to operate in waters that would be infinitely more dangerous for other war vessels.

For centuries warships have visited and searched merchantmen as a preliminary step to capture and destruction or confiscation. The humanitarian rule was also followed of removing crew and passengers from a vessel before destroying it. Submarines have sometimes followed the regular practice and have sometimes, as in the case of the Lusitania, proceeded immediately to destroy. Since war vessels of no other type have used such methods, there is a well-defined disposition to consider such practices as a necessary part of the use of submarines, and to assume that the change is not a change in ideas of humanity so much as a change in mechanical means of warfare.

At the very outset it should be clear that no mechanical invention can repeal laws of humanity. The submarine has two weapons. It can and does in scores of cases proceed, as do other vessels, according to established usage, uses its guns to warn and stop the vessel it attacks, removes the crew, and then destroys the captured vessel either by shells or torpedoes. The method appears to vary with the commander in charge.

It cannot be maintained for a moment that a submarine is the only type of vessel capable of destroying merchant craft quickly and without warning. Any battleship, cruiser, destroyer, or torpedo boat can do the same thing—that is, it has the physical power to do so. Modern high-power guns are effective at long ranges. Shells from the Queen Elizabeth's fifteen-inch guns could have destroyed the Lusitania at a distance of ten or twelve miles as effectively as did the torpedo. Not only do war vessels of all kinds now have the power to destroy merchant vessels at sight, but they have had it for a long time. The old wooden fighters of our Revolutionary War could do that. There are many submarines in use, but so far only those of one nation have been used against merchant vessels contrary to the ordinary practice. Evidently it is not the physical power to destroy that is new, but the will to use that power. It is not a new mechanical invention that we are confronting, but a new idea of warfare.

The rules governing visit and search were not formulated as they now stand because ships could follow no other method, but because there was grave danger that they might use some other method. They are founded upon a fundamental prin-

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ciple and not upon mere technicalities. This principle is that war is to be waged against armed enemies and not against neutrals or non-combatants. There is no possible way of determining in fact the nature of a ship, its passengers, crew, and cargo, except by visit and search. Nations in conceding such a right to belligerent war vessels sought so to regulate the practice that there should be the minimum of danger to innocent persons and property. Article XV of our present treaty with Prussia reads as follows:

> And to prevent entirely all disorder and violence in such cases, it is stipulated that when a vessel of the neutral party, sailing without convoy, shall be met by any vessel of war, public or private, of the other party, such vessel of war shall not send more than two or three men in their boat on board the said neutral vessel, to examine her passports and documents. And all persons belonging to any vessel of war, public or private, who shall molest or insult in any manner whatever the people, vessels or effects of the other party shall be responsible in their persons and property for damages and interest; sufficient security for which shall be given by all commanders of private armed vessels before they are commissioned.

If the clauses holding commanders personally responsible for unnecessary damage to individuals or property were enforced, there would be very few Gulflight and Nebraskan "accidents."

There should be no mistaking the issue. It involves nothing less than the substitution of the principle "destroy at sight" for the present rule of "search and seizure." It is not merely a question of liberty of action for German submarines. It involves logically the same liberty of action for all belligerent warships regardless of size, armament, or nationality. If such practices on the part of German submarines are to be condoned and tolerated, similar conduct becomes legitimate for English vessels of the same type. If a merchant or a passenger steamer may be destroyed on suspicion that it belongs to the enemy or that it is carrying contraband, it also follows that the same kind of ship may be destroyed at sight for the suspected violation of other rules of war; for instance, evading a blockade.

Such a rule once accepted by the civilized world would play directly into the hands of England. She has many submarines, her coast is near that of Germany, and the German coast line is comparatively short. It would become a simple matter to fill the sea near Germany with submarines and sink every merchant vessel venturing into such waters. The difficulty of maintaining a blockade would be greatly reduced, and practically all of the risk would have to be borne by neutrals and non-combatants.

It should also be clear that legal methods of warfare must be the same for all ships. The armament of the submarine, as has been pointed out, is not fundamentally or actually different from that of other war vessels. It is merely a question which weapon is to be used first—a question of capture or destruction. If one vessel is given the option of using her most destructive weapons without investigation, other ships automatically acquire the same privilege. Cruisers could train their heavy guns upon a passenger or merchant vessel and destroy it. The thought of such action being taken deliberately is a horrible one, but there is nothing fundamentally different between destroying innocent lives with gun fire and accomplishing the same result with a torpedo. One is no more cruel or inhumane than the other.

Such warfare makes no distinction between unarmed freight and passenger steamers and the most dangerous enemy war vessel. It also makes no provision for the safety of neutral property or lives. International law guarantees to every man a hearing in a prize court before his goods taken at sea can be confiscated. The proposed rule permits of no trial. As there is no previous investigation, action against neutrals and innocents is the same as against enemies. It tends to destroy all distinction between belligerent and neutral, for if war is waged in fact against neutral lives and neutral property there are no neutrals.

There is another consideration that should condemn such a rule in the minds of all except those whose profession it is to kill. "Destroy at sight" involves the application of the principle of "no quarter" in the action of war vessels against merchantmen. If there is no investigation or no summons, there can be no opportunity to surrender. If no opportunity is given to surrender, there is no quarter. One of the most elemental principles of humanity demands that prisoners be taken, and once taken, that every possible provision be made for their safety. If vessels are to be destroyed at sight with all on board, we have a method of warfare more harsh than that of the American Indian, for he usually saved the women and children. Even in the case of an enemy vessel, if the crew makes no resistance to a summons to surrender, every rule of humanity demands that their lives be spared. That consideration is given to armed forces everywhere, and surely warfare should be waged against sailors and passengers in as humane a manner as against soldiers in arms on the battlefield or in a fort. Even the most valuable cargo of munitions cannot give to the crew a character more hostile than soldiers on a battle front. If the vessel upon which they sail is captured, they are entitled at least to the treatment accorded prisoners of war.

In the history of modern warfare no issue of greater importance to neutrals has been raised than this. The right to carry on peaceful trade is greater

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than the right of any nation to make war. The rule of the prize court was irritating enough, but so long as the privilege of visit and search was exercised in good faith, the actual danger to lives and property was not serious. But the proposed rule opens the door for such violation of neutral rights and such inhumane methods of fighting that it cannot under any circumstances be conceded.

The submarine can be used against merchant vessels and adhere to the regular rules of warfare. Germany is demonstrating that fact by actual practice as recorded in the news despatches almost every day. So long as the submarine is so used it is as legitimate as any other vessel. But the voice of neutrals should be raised in no uncertain fashion against any proposal from any quarter to concede to any war vessel the privilege of destroying merchant ships instead of visiting, searching, and capturing them.

O. M. DICKERSON.

Methods of Law and Order

FOUR hundred and fifty miners have been indicted in Colorado for crimes committed during the recent strike. They fill the jails of four counties to overflowing and some are out on heavy bonds. Two of them, John Lawson and Louis Zancanelli, have been convicted though not sentenced for life at hard labor, Colorado juries having the power to choose between the death penalty and life imprisonment. Motion for a new trial is pending. There is important newly discovered evidence, part of which points to the bailiff's having tampered with the jury. One mine guard, Walter Belk, a Baldwin-Felts detective, is under indictment for the murder of Gerald Lippiatt, a union organizer. He is at liberty and is actively assisting in the prosecution against union men.

The charge that justice is controlled in Colorado by the coal companies, especially in Huerfano and Las Animas counties, could have no stronger support than the court records of indictment and trial in the case of the striking miners. At every step the coal companies have been actively associated with the People's case. Attorneys who have heretofore represented the Colorado Fuel Company, the Rocky Mountain Fuel and Iron Company, and the Victor American Fuel Company have appeared as the People's representatives, and one of them, Granby Hillyer, was specially appointed to the bench in Trinidad by Governor Carlson under an act of the Colorado legislature passed in February, 1915, authorizing an additional judge in the Trinidad district, for which prior to the strike troubles one judge had always been found sufficient. The strikers moved to disqualify Judge Hillyer on the ground of prejudice. In support of this motion they showed that he had been actively engaged as a prosecutor in strike cases just before his appointment. They showed further that he had been avowedly hostile to them during the strike and had repeatedly denounced them as "outlaws" and advocated denying them the writ of habeas corpus. Judge Hillyer overruled the motion and continued to sit on the strike cases without, however, contesting the facts on which the motion was based.

Probably the most flagrant abuse in connection with these trials has been the open venire method of selecting the juries. The jury which returned a hundred and sixty-five indictments against Lawson and others last summer, and the Zancanelli jury, were selected in this way by Sheriff Grisham. At the hearing before the Congressional Committee, Judge Northcutt, appearing for the coal companies, testified that this method could not be used if either side objected. As special prosecutor for the People in the Zancanelli case he resisted the defendant's objection to its use and was sustained in this position by Judge Hillyer. The charge of the strikers that the open venire results in "hand-picked" juries is not seriously contested by their opponents. Sheriff Grisham himself stated on the witness stand that his only aim in selecting the Zancanelli jury was to get a "fair verdict." To this end he admitted that he had excluded all members of labor unions, because of a feeling that they might be a trifle biased "in this particular case." He also excluded all foreigners not known to him as "substantial farmers," although of the Spanish and Italian speaking people who form about forty per cent of the population of the Trinidad district, a large number were eligible to jury duty. With the same idea of getting a "fair verdict" he included six deputy sheriffs, several of whom had participated in battles with the strikers, two physicians in the employ of the coal companies, business associates of the coal companies' lawyers and of Judge McHendrie, a judge disqualified by the strikers for prejudice, and the secretary of the Trinidad Chamber of Commerce.

At Zancanelli's first trial a jury regularly selected had stood eight to four for acquittal. Perhaps that was why the open venire was insisted on at the second trial by Judge Northcutt for the People and granted by Judge Hillyer over the defendant's protest. The defendant very soon exhausted his

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peremptory challenges. On the challenges for cause the court refused to allow defendant's counsel to ask prospective jurors whether they could give the defendant the benefit of the legal presumption of innocence, on the ground that this was asking them to state their opinions. When cross-examination accidentally revealed that one juror had an opinion favorable to Zancanelli, the court sustained the state's challenge. He overruled the defendant's challenge of a juror who admitted that his verdict would be influenced by his business relations with the coal companies. He refused to investigate the charge that this same juror, Steve Burkhardt, had a bet on the result of the verdict. An affidavit of the other alleged bettor supported the charge that Burkhardt had made a small bet before being summoned as a juror; that he had afterwards offered greatly to increase the odds, and had said that the result would be either a "hung jury or a hung dago." Judge Hillyer refused even to question Burkhardt, alleging as his reason that the defendant if he failed to disqualify this juror might prejudice the juror against him.

Zancanelli was accused of shooting and killing George Belcher, a Baldwin-Felts detective, in Trinidad on the night of November 20, 1913. Doubt of the defendant's guilt was caused by strong evidence in the nature of an alibi. The most that any of the state's witnesses swore to was that a man was seen walking away from the scene of the shooting and the subsequent arrest of this man. The officer who made the arrest testified that the defendant was unarmed and somewhat intoxicated, which tended to support Zancanelli's own story that he had just come out of a saloon not far from where the shooting had occurred. Only one witness testified to having seen the man in question with a pistol. She stated that she had seen the "barrel flash" in his hand. The gun which was introduced in evidence as the one with which the crime was committed was black-barrelled. It was found near the dead man's body. No evidence was introduced to show that it was Zancanelli's or that he had carried a gun. Yet the sheriff's jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree after the judge had refused practically all the defendant's requests to charge the jury, and the district attorney had denounced Zancanelli as a "foreign assassin."

Lawson was also forced to accept an open venire jury. It was drawn in part from the original Zancanelli panel, and this being insufficient, Judge Hillyer ordered a new venire. Lawson was charged with the murder of John Nimmo, a deputy sheriff who was killed in a battle which occurred at Ludlow on October 25, 1913. The witnesses upon whom the prosecution relied to establish these charges were Charles Snyder and Pat Murphy, alias J. R. Petty, two Baldwin-Felts detectives. Both these men admitted on cross-examination that they were even then, at the time of the trial, employed by the coal companies to work up evidence in the strike cases, Lawson's being one of them. Both of them swore that during the strike they had been receiving money from the United Mine Workers of America and the three coal companies involved. In testifying against Lawson they swore that they had bought guns and ammunition by order of Lawson and other union officers, and had distributed them to the Ludlow colonists with orders from Lawson to "shoot to kill." They also swore that he was present at the battle in which Nimmo was killed. Snyder was forced to admit before he left the stand that he had quarrelled with Lawson and threatened to "get money from the other side." Murphy, alias Petty, admitted having served a year in the penitentiary for forgery. These men were the only ones by whom the prosecution attempted to prove the conspiracy charge.

Another witness for the prosecution was the notorious Linderfelt, who had previously admitted having broken the stock of his gun over the head of Louis Tikas while the latter was a prisoner. At the time of the trial he was still employed as a mine guard at Hastings, Colo., by the Victor American Fuel Company. Still another was Thad Sowder, a gun-man from Wyoming. Lawson's attorney asked permission to prove that Sowder was a fugitive from justice in Wyoming, charged with forgery, but permission was refused although the matter was made a part of the record. The only reputable material witnesses introduced by the prosecution gave testimony which supported the contention of the defense that Lawson was at the Ludlow colony on the day of the battle preparing for defense against attack, and not in the cut from which the strikers were shooting. The record shows that many of the witnesses for the coal companies received their instructions in the office of Judge Northcutt, who, though not an attorney of record in the Lawson case, seems to have been actively engaged in securing testimony, with the assistance of Walter Belk, the Baldwin-Felts detective indicted for the murder of Gerald Lippiatt.

It took even a hand-picked jury fifty hours to find Lawson guilty on the testimony, and then it did not return the death verdict earnestly asked for by the prosecuting attorney. It found the defendant guilty in the first degree and condemned him to hard labor for life in the penitentiary.

One striker has been acquitted so far in Las Animas County, Robert Uhlich, an organizer for the United Mine Workers of America. It is significant that this acquittal took place immediately after the hearings of the Industrial Relations Com-

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mission on the Colorado situation. This was the only element in the case which distinguished it from the previous cases, for the nature of the charge, the evidence which supported it, and the judge were the same, and the jury before whom it was tried was chosen by the same methods and partly from the same panel as in Lawson's case. Judge McHendrie refused Uhlich bail on four different occasions. On one of these his application, although signed by the district attorney, was opposed by Judge Northcutt on the ground that Uhlich had done more than any other four men towards organizing the miners. Probably no franker statement of the real basis of the indictment has been made by the representatives of law and order.

For in justification of all the proceedings here recorded, "law and order" was invoked, and the indications are that it will continue to be invoked till the power of the miners' organizations is thoroughly broken. An attorney-general elected on this platform has stated that no evidence of crimes committed by mine operators or guards has ever been submitted to him, deliberately ignoring the testimony given before the Congressional Committee, the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, and the various coroners' juries. A court-martial has found all the officers in charge at Ludlow not guilty of any offence. The operators themselves admit that they used machine guns to break the strike. In addition they have used all the machinery of law and order.

MARTHA GRUENING.

Our Unplanned Cities

THE City Club of a great Western town held recently a competitive exhibition of plans for a city neighborhood center. Around the walls of the beautiful corridors and rooms, designed with the last touches of thoughtful taste, were the bold conceptions of the architects of the city. Upon this problem of civic art they had lavished all their imaginative skill. These scores of radiant sketches seemed eloquent of a professional belief that for the building-up of the modern American city nothing too fine could be conceived.

Yet to see this exhibition I had had to travel from a suburban town thirty miles across a flat sandy waste strewn with the surplusage of the monster city's industry and life. We had come in the merciful dusk through an endless chaos of straggling towns, which seemed not so much towns as disgorged fragments of communities. Wildernesses of dirty frame houses, gaunt factories, frowzy open spaces and outbuildings, isolated tenements in all stages of decrepitude, were interspersed with trim rows of cottages, shady streets, bright apartment-houses, and here and there an imposing church or school. From the lines of the streets one did get a certain sense of design. Otherwise the mass-effect was as if the heavens had opened and dumped out upon the desolate prairie the architectural garbage of some celestial city.

To pass from this chaotic savagery into the delightful club with its brave designs and its kindly and intelligent professional people, was to get a distinct ironic shock, a sudden sense of how little the repellent form in which the ordinary American city has got itself clothed expresses the individual intelligence and good-will of the citizens whose care should be to attend to that very civic clothing. The quality of these people, and the quality of the city as expressed in brick and wood and stone, bore not the slightest discoverable relation. One of the chief charms of a European country is the way the physical communal body of town and village seems to express the characteristic attitudes and spirit of the people. To say that the American city in its design and styles represented our spiritual capacity would be almost to say that we were a nation of madmen. We could convince a stranger that our churches and country houses were built by architects, but we could not convince him that our cities were so built.

About these confident designs there was something almost pathetic as one came into them fresh from the pervading architectural crassness. These publicists and town-planners, social workers and architects, seemed scarcely out of the magical stage. They had not yet sensed the legal and economic barriers to be surmounted for the realization of their ideals. They scarcely felt even the full incongruity of the American urban scene, which makes one perpetually wonder at the pleasantness and gentleness of the people whom one meets upon such dishevelled and barbaric streets.

I should have been more inclined to ascribe the peculiar horror of this city to its unmanageable size if I had not just come from the small capital of a neighboring state, a state which has the "social sense" if any of our states have it. Yet from a comparison of the two cities I could only conclude that the smaller had been preserved from chaos by its smallness rather than by its intelligence. On its hills by its lakes it has a famous and incomparable site, a site for artists to mould and develop. From the train one alights into an uncertain station-square, which trails off on one side to a cluster of hovels and boat-houses that obscure the lake, and on the other past an ugly line of shop-buildings towards the town. For the tree-lined lake-promenade that a Swiss town would possess, for the stately avenue to the capitol, the eye roams in vain. American towns don't have such things. I thought

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of the picture of this same town-approach in the report of one of those experts whom American cities suffering from twinges of town-planning conscience are calling in with increasing frequency to chide them for their sins. On the opposite page he had printed a picture of the magnificent plaza and station at San Paolo, Brazil. He had remarked that the comparison was not unfair, because both cities were small provincial capitals. It was a striking contrast of what Americans and Brazilians consider of civic importance.

Now this stodgy approach to our small Western city was no mere accident. It was more or less a clue to the town. The shabby surroundings of the capitol emphasized its showy wastefulness rather than its white grandeur. The beautiful university building on the opposite hill made one mourn the characterless streets that lay between. The lakes were almost as if they were not. The town blindly turned its back upon them all. For the lake promenades and vistas, for the stately avenues between the hills, for the harmonious city that might be there, one had to rely on one's imagination. The town straggled out feebly towards the marshes and farms. No ray of civic design or art had shone down from that great university on the hill. No effort would invest these prosaic streets with charm and significance. The people and institutions, yes! But not the civic house in which they reside.

My first city had been a vast incalculable metropolis, desolately situated, without opportunity of natural beauty. The second was the small and self-conscious capital of a self-conscious state, with a natural situation such as few towns possess. Yet apparently the same spirit had gone to the upbuilding of both. Youth and newness will scarcely explain this American idiom. The large German cities have notoriously grown faster in the last fifty years than our own. Yet they are the models of civic art and design. Many of them look in their mass-effect even newer than our American towns. Nor can it be a question of our absorption in selfish commercialism. The German people have not acquired a reputation for altruism, nor has it been the fashion to accuse their governments of Utopian idealism. That German cities are beautiful and nobly planned, and our own more hideous than anybody cares or dares to say, means that the directing and professional classes in Europe have inherited or reacquired a tradition, a town-planning sense, which we have somehow missed. Our eager pioneer development and our immigrant inundation have thrown the attention to individualistic effort, to a competitive race, and the artistic sense seems to have curiously followed. We have remained obsessed with the individual building, while the European has built towns and streets and squares rather than houses and churches and shops. The careless ugliness of the business streets and the outskirts of the American city suggests a veritable blind-spot to civic beauty. If we admitted this blindness we might wonder less frequently why we do not produce more or greater art. Youth growing up in such streets as ours would be the least likely in the world to acquire delicate discriminations, the sense of charm and atmosphere that makes for artistic sense and power.

We often excuse ourselves on the ground that our civic sense is prophetic. Where the visitor sees only the cheap prairie village, the resident sees the vision of the city which is one day to arise. When the city does arise, however, with its gridiron streets and staring blocks, one looks wistfully back to the prairie village. In too many towns this forward vision seems to have become hallucinatory. We are still a pioneer country, sketched over rather than drawn in firm outline. But there is danger of becoming so accustomed to the pioneer stage that we forget there is no more frontier and that most of us are living in the midst of relatively old and dense communities. We have no excuse for preserving, as we do, even throughout the East, the pioneer look as of some temporary encampment. There is little inducement, it is true, to think of our cities as communal homes. Our industrial and even professional population is in constant flux. The city has become a lodging-place. We are all in this sense pioneers, scrapping our cabins, deserting our farms, and moving on to better land and fortune. But the city remains behind us, with a life and integrity of its own, regardless of the individuals who flit through it.

Until architects and engineers, school-children and the average citizen, begin to think of the town or village not merely as a geographical expression or a business enterprise, but as a communal house to be made as well-ordered and beautiful as the citizen would make his home, social effort will lack a focus, and civic good-will and enterprise be shadowy and unreal. To preach town-planning in these days of threatened municipal bankruptcy may seem like Utopianism. To emphasize this order and beauty in the face of destitution and unemployment may seem like a case of hyperaesthesia. But let us not be too sure. In Europe town-planning has gone hand in hand with the alleviation of social ills. From the chaos and ugliness of American cities flows too palpably our economic and human waste. The well-planned city pays immensely from the social point of view. In Europe it has paid immensely from the financial point of view. Perhaps the road out of bankruptcy for the American city is exactly this Utopia.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

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COMMUNICATIONS

A Series of Letters from Missouri

First Letter: Peace, Preparedness and Piffle

SIR: We who use the subway don't claim to be experts on anything unless it be strap-hanging. But we like to watch what is going on. There is at the moment a surprisingly active discussion of Peace and Preparedness. Some of it sounds sensible. Much of it is "piffle." We none of us yearn for military glory. We agree that peace should be our national aim. But some urge preparedness as the only reliable guarantee, while others find in any suggestion of a well-thought-out program of national defense the menace of militarism. If the welfare of this nation is dependent upon free and unbridled, not to say unintelligent discussion, we are safe. The people's forum which we are given to understand protects this democracy of ours, is working overtime. The demand of the Navy League for five hundred million dollars or so, the refusal of Secretary Daniels to permit a Navy Yard band to play tunes at the Peace and Preparation Congress, the deliberations at Lake Mohonk, the mass meetings of the New York Women's League of Peace at Cooper Union and of the National Security League at Carnegie Hall, the Conference on International Relations at Ithaca, N.Y., and the discussion of the League of Neutrals at Philadelphia, are all bringing the military and naval and diplomatic policies of the government into the limelight where he who commutes may read.

But it is all very confusing. We agree with the pacifists in not wanting war; yet we suspect that they would force us to turn half a dozen other cheeks if we had them. To this we object. Instinctively we know that at some point, indefinite even in our own minds, we'd rather fight. We don't quite know whether this is the manhood within us or a persistent remnant of original sin. We believe in preparedness, but we distrust sometimes the zeal of its prophets, fearing that while they urge only an adequate military and naval establishment, they are in reality engaged in a subtle and insidious campaign to Prussianize the nation. We have a natural preference, if it should come to a choice, for "blood and iron" rather than milk and water; but we want neither. In our opinion an iron tonic would about suit our case.

We believe in brotherly love as an ideal. We think that humanity makes an excellent text for a diplomatic note. But when lions are still at large and apparently quite healthy, we'd rather be well-horned goats than sheep or little bleating lambs—admirable and estimable and kind-hearted though mutton may be. Therefore, all things considered, we feel that something should be done, and done quickly. We admit that the Navy and Security and other leagues may do good service by arousing interest in the subject of preparedness. It may be wise and necessary now to hint at or even talk openly of a probable war with Germany or Japan in order to drive their arguments home. But it makes us a little dubious as to their capacity for leadership. Somehow we feel that they have not yet reached the root of the matter. Nor do their demands for a special session of Congress, for a vast increase in the army and an enormous loan for the navy, breed respect. Why don't they urge the careful and efficient expenditure of the large sums we now appropriate each year for military and naval purposes? Why don't they talk about the evils of the pension system, or urge the abolition of pork-barrel navy yards and army posts? Why don't they petition the President to appoint a competent commission to investigate our needs and prepare a comprehensive plan? Recommendations of this sort would gain our unqualified support.

If war should come now we couldn't possibly prepare ourselves to meet it, even if all the panaceas were adopted forthwith. Therefore it occurs to us that it would be wiser to cease howling for half-baked emergency measures, and take advantage of this present crisis, real or fancied as it may be, to build for the long future. Service rendered, whether it be military or otherwise, makes for self-discipline and a sense of unity among those who serve. The creation of reserves for the army and the navy, if it be seriously undertaken, will make for a wider realization of the benefits we receive from the association in which we all have a part, and whose most visible manifestation is the government which we have created. In performing our duties as citizens we are recognizing our debt to the community. A sane policy of preparedness will make for better citizenship, and it seems to us that this fact, rather than our military need, deserves the greatest emphasis.

A. B. P.

Missouri.

Limits to Imagism

SIR: As Mr. Braithwaite's article on "Imagism" in some respects misconceives my own article, and somewhat misrepresents (by implication) my attitude, may I be permitted a word in rebuttal?

1. Mr. Braithwaite intimates that I am inaccurate in stating that the imagists have declared against the "decorative" in poetry. But in the preface to "Some Imagist Poets," among other principles formulated, the imagists say they aim for "the exact word . . . not the merely decorative word." If anyone is to be charged with inaccuracy, it is the imagists themselves. I suspect that when they say "exact" they mean more than exact. Do they not mean the most suggestively, the most pleasantly exact? By factual standards any number of modifying words may be accurate. It is obvious that the imagist under these circumstances chooses that word which is most evocative, which is an entirely different matter from exactitude. If, on the other hand, the imagists really do mean exact their principles put into practice can only lead to prose.

2. Mr. Braithwaite, in refutation of my hint of the emotional lack in imagistic verse, cluods the issue by declaring that all poetry is emotional in origin. Very true. Even Pope's work or Dryden's or Samuel Johnson's may have been emotional in origin; and Byron's was, no doubt. But in none of the works of the former three, and in very little of Byron's, is there emotional power—power to affect an unbiased reader. Neither is there any emotional

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power in imagist verse, though the poets may have suffered lancinating birth-pangs. The emotional significance of poetry must be measured not by the paroxysm from which it may have sprung but from its own power to arouse feeling.

3. My statement that it is the genius of the true poet that he can work within restrictions, and moreover, that these restrictions are always imposed by the poet himself, is quite misconceived by Mr. Braithwaite, who apparently has overlooked the second of these two statements, as he himself goes on to make that point. My objection here is by no means that the imagists are unwilling to adapt themselves to traditional forms, but that in the main they do not even invent new ones—that their work is formless.

4. To my remark that the imagists, by restricting themselves to what is sensory in poetry, seriously limit the scope of their work, Mr. Braithwaite replies that "the scope of poetry is neither enlarged nor restricted by the range of subjects with which it deals." Shakespeare, in envying "this man's scope, and that man's size," was therefore laboring under a delusion. It might as well be argued that a man with a vocabulary of two hundred words could think and say as many things as a man with one of two thousand. It is obvious that the few really great poets were great by grace of their scope rather than their virtuosity. James Thomson cannot stand with Dante nor Keats with Shakespeare.

5. Mr. Braithwaite contends that symmetry, or instinct for beauty of form, in poetry has nothing to do with the intensity of feeling experienced by the poet. His contention here, stripped, is practically the truism that the degree of feeling experienced by the poet does not determine the logic of the form, but the degree of feeling in the poem. It is true enough that there can be perfection of form without trace of feeling—mere verse. But it is true also that the more intensely a poet feels a thing, the more likely he is to experience the pathos of rhythm and the gusto for symmetry which will transmit that intensity of feeling to another. To be sure, despite intense feeling, he may fail through being only partially articulate, like Byron. But without this intensity the man who wants to write will naturally turn to prose. There, in place of intensity, he is allowed extension, the practice of a more geographical type of work. There he is permitted, moreover, to be merely exact, and to invent, ad infinitum, new rhythms (prose rhythms) for new moods (prose moods).

Minor points are Mr. Braithwaite's assumption that *vers libre* cannot be a mere fad since from a French viewpoint all English verse is *vers libre*. Needless to say, English poetry must be judged from English standards of comparison. Also Mr. Braithwaite avers that the desirable quality in poetry is not that it should stir one (which, he says, a mere jingle may do) but that it should haunt. Has he not inverted the idea? Jingles may haunt, since all men have echolalia, but they seldom stir. Mr. Braithwaite thus implies that in demanding a more human warmth and a more central emotional balance of the imagists I would be satisfied with a mere tinkle of rhyme and metronomic rhythm: which of course is to beg the whole question. I only maintain that the verse of the imagists is singularly unhuman—remote from the normal—and generally arhythmic and asymmetrical; and that it is probably—in part at least—owing to its cerebral quality that it so seldom rises above the quality of poetic prose.

Some of these points are perhaps logistic; Mr. Braithwaite and I may agree better than we think we do. If I have given him or others the impression that I cordially scorn the pleasant work of the imagists, I have not intended to. I must, however, reaffirm my belief that their followers are too apt to think the imagists are building cathedrals where they are really making bird-cages.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Cambridge, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE

Emerson Not Genteel

SIR: In his article on Genteel American Poetry in a recent number of the NEW REPUBLIC, Mr. Santayana speaks with some appreciation of the general subject, but seems to have forgotten our greatest poet, Emerson.

"The emptiness and blandness of that prim little moral circle that thought it had overcome everything when in fact it had touched nothing" is not a happy characterization of any circle by which Emerson's genius shows evidence of being bounded. Neither are "convention, prosperity and mediocrity" or "genteel mind" descriptive of him; nor is it easy to think of Emerson as "harnessed." In this one case, at least, America has produced a star of the first magnitude, although he moved not according to the provincialisms of the European imagination and was untouched by its diseases. A more authentic genius, nearer to the heart of the eternal, more clearly acknowledged by it, has seldom appeared.

Nor is such a one found among the English poets, his contemporaries, whom Mr. Santayana cites. It is complained of Emerson that he lacked passion: he was too near "the Quiet's self" for that. He had the severity of the mountain peak and its cameo clearness. His is a genius of a purer water than that of Tennyson or Wordsworth—the one a sweet singer of the commonplace English moralities of his time; the other truly a great poet but with the shadow of a ponderous ego lending a grotesque refraction to almost every picture he gives of the divine; a little of a coward also, wearing his stressed simplicities as a shawl against the cold verities of the universe. Shelley and Byron, the rebels, certainly are in the professional sense greater poets, but not of so pure metal. And Byron, the greatest of them all, had not quite the greatness to drop the incessant quarrel with Mrs. Grundy and to write the best he knew.

In fact, all these English poets are provincial—the one part cowed by the public opinion of their time, the other in rebellion. No one of them soars like Emerson, so native to the higher atmosphere, so free and fearless of convention that he feels no need to react against it.

JOSEPH LEE.

Boston, Mass.

From a Peace Skeptic

SIR: There is in the United States to-day a type of mind conspicuous for its determination to arrive at ideas by a process of thinking unknown to logicians. The facts of human history glance as harmlessly off the minds of these persons as water from a duck's back. Analogy is not admitted by them as valid, and reasoning from the past is stigmatized as treason towards the future. Progress, the great delusion of mediocre minds, must not be called

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in question; the future must not be doubted. Vast, hollow, untenable ideals have been erected, hanging in mid-air, to which sacred labels have been attached in want of more definite support; anyone daring to question them is scored as a base materialist, unworthy of the consideration of noble-minded persons having the welfare of humanity at heart. Peer Gynts are now found in every society in which thinking has been discarded. We are told by extreme pacifists, who would probably resent any reflection upon their intelligence, but who by their public statements do all in their power to call it in question, that war is unreasonable and will therefore be abolished. The very fact that war is unreasonable is alone enough to insure its permanency. Human beings have never been guided by reason and probably never will be. Personal interest, in whatever form or however thickly disguised, has always been the ruling motive, and in the very nature of things must be so always. Altruism itself is merely enlightened selfishness.

Furthermore, there seems to be some little difference of opinion as to what constitutes reasonableness. The ideas of socialists, for example, might not precisely coincide with those of Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Bryan, who, I believe, are among our chief advocates of reason. Almost no two persons exactly agree as to what reasonableness is. As for collective wisdom, it is as rare as hen's teeth. Mobs are notoriously untrammeled by reflection, and what is a nation but an organized mob, or patriotism but collective egotism?

War is the result of the will to power inherent in human beings. To assume that nations will ever cease to be actuated by motives of aggrandizement or legitimate expansion is to suppose an absurdity. Extreme pacifists recognizing this fact to a limited extent advocate a United States of Europe, declaring that national friction would obviously be eliminated by this means. A United States of Europe, or a United States of the World, would be torn and finally sundered by internal dissensions. As life is not static but is conceived in motion and controlled by it, perfection could not be permanent even if it could be attained. Our pacifists and thinkers of a similarly rigid type state, with a noble wave of the hand, that there never will be another great war; that there never will be any more wickedness; that there never will be this and that there never will be that; in short, that they personally have arranged for our complete emancipation from the operations of nature and that universal laws are to be no longer binding. A magnificent program! Nothing could be more glorious! And in view of this program, how annoying and petty it is of us poor skeptics to doubt the imminence of this millennium, or to expect persons engaged in these lofty speculations to consider such trivial things as common sense, historical precedent, or psychological or scientific truths.

Furthermore, whenever the question of arming the United States has arisen, we have been told that we should be "too proud to fight," that nations as well as individuals should follow in the footsteps of Christ. Very good, but Christ was crucified—are any of us even remotely prepared for such a national contingency? If as a nation we are prepared for the logical consequences of acting according to moral maxims, all very well, but there must be no misunderstanding as to what these consequences will be. Can there be any doubt that weakness means annihilation, or at least invites it?

HOWARD VAN S. TRACY.

Evanston, Ill.

For Mr. Seeger

SIR: It seems incredible that the spirit of that quiet message from Alan Seeger should not quicken responsively the heart of everyone who read it. However different one's own particular estimate of life from that of another, the picture of that other meeting with courage the obligations he conceives to be his, should bring a larger vision. It is glimpses such as this that should help us to lose ourselves and our clamor in a sense of universal kinship, and to feel behind guns and armies only limitless energy shaping universal destiny.

Mr. Seeger's letter was one of those rare light-bringers. To receive that letter as an "essay" and discourse of its "fallacies" was the height of fatuity; to meet its simplicity with a sneer, the cheapest egotism. The unperceptive quality of the criticism which laid literal hands upon the delicate spirit of his experience is sobering. For these are days—if ever—to sensitize the soul.

A. B. L.

Making Diplomatic Notes Public

SIR: Our precipitate abandonment of diplomacy in favor of public notes brings to my mind some words of George Canning in 1823 which certainly ought to rank among the diplomatic classics.

France as the tool of the Holy Alliance had just sent a note to Madrid, demanding that Spain make some radical changes in her constitution and otherwise conform to the desires of that most worthy league of sovereigns. The relations between France and Spain were already at the breaking point, and England alone of the great powers seemed able to keep the peace. To satisfy public feeling in Paris the French government made its note to Madrid public. Upon hearing of this, Canning immediately wrote to Sir Charles Stuart a note expressly intended for the eyes of Chateaubriand. It is this note which we might well stop to consider at the present moment. It is dated June 24th, 1823, and reads in part:

> Is it not plain, that the same proposition completely changes its nature, according to the manner in which it is brought forward?—that one, which, if submitted through the regular channels of diplomacy, might be a matter of wholesome advice or amicable remonstrance, when addressed to a nation aloud, and in the presence, as it were, of all the world, becomes a taunt and a defiance? The publication of the despatch . . . while it is yet on the road to Madrid, is, I know, defended by the alleged necessity of tranquillizing the public mind at Paris. But if the public at Paris required to be tranquilized, was not the public at Madrid liable to be inflamed?

As a matter of history, the result of these public negotiations between France and Spain was war. Is it not high time for us to ask if our insistent clamor to-day to know each line of our international correspondence at the moment it is issued will not in itself be more productive of war than any other single act? Germany is the nation we are calling to task. Can Germany, of all nations, afford to be taken to task publicly? The least yielding on her part will be termed a sign of weakness. Are we ourselves not making it almost impossible for Germany to grant demands which "if submitted through the regular channels of diplomacy, might be a matter of wholesome advice?"

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Cherry Orchard

WHO is Chekhoff? I knew that he had been a favorite in Russia for a decade, accorded place beside Pushkin and Turgeniev as one of the three mountain peaks of Russian literature, that he had reached England in virulent form about five years ago, and that he would in all probability strike America some few years hence, although one of his plays was given in Boston last winter. As to why he had been invested with such apparently secure immortality I was quite ignorant, and I waited with eager incredulity as the great brown curtains of the Moscow Art Theater swung open upon "Cherry Orchard."

I soon became aware that this was hardly a "play" at all. Here were people behaving in a most human sort of way, not at all as those who exhibit extravagant emotions before the footlights. They were not even keyed up, quite off-guard, as it were, not taking part in "situations" or talking in aphorisms. They were not even attempting, as in our own so-called "realistic" drama, the tricks, mannerisms, and telephone verisimilitudes that produce such artificial naturalness. They seemed to be living along, entirely unconcerned that a well-trained audience expects a catastrophe and a climax within two hours.

You would hesitate to call the enforced selling of "Cherry Orchard," the old family estate of a woman and her brother, and its effects upon the household and the neighbors, a plot. There is no denouement, for there are no complex threads to be extricated. An ex-peasant whose fathers before him were flogged in the kitchen has become wealthy and wishes to buy the place. The woman, who has lost her money through the extravagance of her lover, does not wish to part with it. But neither she nor her brother makes any effort to postpone the inevitable auction. This auction, the only real action of the play, takes place off stage, while a little village party is making merry for the last time through the old rooms. The successful bidder, the peasant, returns, insolently takes possession, and orders the cherry trees cut. During the last act the family pack and leave, forgetting an old retainer, who is locked within. The windows are boarded up, and you hear resumed the dull sound of the axes in the orchard.

But if you have practically no plot, only an unframed picture of the deep-rooted life that centers about the estate, you do get an acquaintance with that family and a feeling of having lived in its atmosphere since the members of it were children. The people are not manneristic or easy to characterize, they are not even vivid personalities beyond those one meets in an ordinary day's run, but they are livingly real. You don't think of asking whether Chekhoff conceived them well or whether the actors portray them convincingly; there they are, as much a part of the world as any of us. You may not have seen anyone just like them, but that only adds to their actuality. You might have met them somewhere, anywhere, before or after they had left Cherry Orchard. But you wouldn't have felt quite the same comprehending fondness for them, for they animate Cherry Orchard and it is part of them. Whether the little girl, the daughter, is running through the rooms to find her bag, or the governess is doing tricks to amuse the neighbors, or they are all sitting out on the newly gathered hay talking with the peasant about the coming sale, you feel the firm and delicate roots that have wound themselves for generations into the soil of Cherry Orchard.

To feel their relentless uprooting is painful tragedy, and tragedy without poetic mitigation. The sale does not point any moral, it is not the result of some weakness or wrong that has recoiled and struck back at the appropriate source, alleviating the suffering by satisfying one's sense of justice. At the same time you feel thoroughly an identification with the sufferers. How then is it bearable?

Frankly, I am more conscious of the effect than of the method by which it was produced. For one thing, I suspect that the very framelessness of the picture, the absence of a nicely terminated plot, gives a feeling of space, of largeness, of perspective that is in itself corrective of petty rebellions. You look before and after, and so do not mourn for what is not. Hardly a detail that does not lead off suggestively. The rooms seem part of a house which a mere accident of vision prevents you from seeing in its entirety. The fields run away into illimitable distances. The problems concerning the estate reach back before the serfs were freed, and are bound up with the whole agricultural question of Russia. The acts of the people concerned are not isolated episodes, but carry you to what they have been doing previously, and will do long after the curtain has fallen. They are surrounded by an older generation, with its antiquated ideas and reduced sensibilities, and a younger that is joyously untouched by the prospect of calamity. Since the threads of an intricate plot are not present to be drawn together and tied up neatly at the end, you are not limited by that intense artistic economy which concentrates vital significance into the lift of an eyebrow, and which so thoroughly expurgates the irrelevant that there is little for the relevant to be relevant to. "Cherry Orchard" is not so, but is like the chaff that the wind driveth away, as well as like the wheat which remains. Effects are not dependent upon speed and heat, and, consequently, leisure and spaciousness produce reciprocal amplitudes in the audience. Man no longer seems to strut a little hour upon the stage, but to play his part in the midst of centuries and in the presence of planets. By refusing to overdo the moment, Chekhoff invites eternity.

Here is an even greater puzzle. Why, for instance, should you like that newly rich peasant, even at the moment when, literally and figuratively drunk, he stalks through the house that has just been knocked down to him, shattering every sensibility you possess as he slams a plate to the floor? Yet you do like him, and when later he offers to send the tutor to the university, you knew he would. And if he fails to propose to the old housekeeper, which would have made it rather pleasant all around, you understand how he can't quite bring himself to it. The characters are not by any means lovable; some are coarse, some sentimental, others shallow or puerile; take them man for man they would probably average up about like the audience. Do you respond to them because they are so real? I doubt it, for since when have audiences reached that Whitmanlike avidity for human beings as such? Rather you say to yourself: "Yes, people are like that, but I had no idea how attractive they were, with all their unattractiveness so apparent." It may be that Chekhoff and his producers have succeeded in stimulating the same sense of proportion in regard to character that they have as to plot: unattractiveness is never isolated, any more than misfortune is, and seeing beyond it as you do, you would no more object to it than you would object to a resolving chord.

I leave the dissection of the miracle to others, merely recording the achievement that makes you interested in the commonplace without changing it into something strange and new, that induces a tolerant kindliness quite foreign to your nature, that enables you to face sorrow, not because another such as you is receiving his deserts, but because pain is part of a larger reconciling experience.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

Petrograd, April 30.

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Books and Things

PRESIDENT WILSON'S speech on Flag Day gave me two surprises. It revealed a likeness I had never suspected between the President's thinking and Mr. G. K. Chesterton's. "There are no days of special patriotism," says the President. "There are no days when you should be more patriotic than other days." A few sentences later the same thought is repeated in a slightly different form: "I am sorry that you do not wear a little flag of the Union every day instead of some days." Clearly the teaching of these two passages taken together is that Flag Day should not come once a year, but that every day should be Flag Day. Mr. Chesterton, in an essay called "Some Damnable Errors About Christmas," deals after this fashion with the second of the more obvious fallacies which the day has occasioned: "I refer to the belief that 'Christmas comes but once a year.' Perhaps it does, according to the calendar—a quaint and interesting compilation, but of little or no practical value to anybody. It is not the calendar, but the spirit of man that regulates the recurrence of feasts and fasts. Spiritually, Christmas Day recurs exactly seven times a week. When we have frankly acknowledged this, and acted on this, we shall begin to realize the Day's mystical and terrific beauty. For it is only every-day things that reveal themselves to us in all their wonder and their splendor. A man who happens one day to be knocked down by a motor-bus merely utters a curse and instructs his solicitor, but a man who has been knocked down by a motor-bus every day of the year will have begun to feel that he is taking part in an august and soul-cleansing ritual."

Later in the same essay, involuntarily contributed to Mr. Max Beerbohm's "Christmas Garland," Mr. Chesterton says that "what is right as regards Christmas is right as regards all other so-called anniversaries." Whether President Wilson would go as far as this I cannot know until I have collated his speeches on the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter Day, Saint Patrick's Day and Memorial Day. This I hope to do when the opportunities have presented themselves. If his thinking prove consistent and if his advice be followed, the heart of America will lose some of that monotony which hostile critics have imparted to it. You will readily allow me this prophecy if you suffer me to complete my quotation from President Wilson. "I am sorry," he said, "that you do not wear a little flag of the Union every day instead of some days, and I can only ask you, if you lose the physical emblem, to be sure that you wear it in your heart, that the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world." And so it may come about, if what is right as regards Flag Day is right as regards all other so-called anniversaries, that you will wear every day in your heart a little flag of the Union, a wreath of holly and a spray of shamrock. Every day instead of some days your heart will hold an Easter Egg in one hand and in the other, unless you incline to a safe and sane Fourth, a fire-cracker. Does a heart so profusely and variously decorated seem to you like a heart decorated against itself? No matter. Too quick despairer, be not discouraged. Learn to embellish your heart by adding now and then a fresh little physical emblem to its furniture.

Surprise number two was the discovery that I did not really understand President Wilson's meaning. Here, in a writer notably perspicuous, were simple words simply arranged, yet baffling somehow, and so subtly! This surprise did not stay. I put it to flight by recalling a sentence from William Blake: "Nor is it possible to thought a greater than itself to know." Knowing, however, that we progress by attempting the impossible, I did not give over the attempt to master the President's thought, but kept on striving, striving, until finally something lightened the darkness—a suspicion that President Wilson, when he appeared to say he was sorry we Americans did not wear a little flag as frequently as we now wear skirts or trousers, didn't intend to be taken literally. What he would have us acquire is the high-motive habit. Many of us go through life without feeling patriotic more than a very few times. It is not patriotism which wars every morning against sluggishness, conquers it and yanks you out of bed. It is not patriotism which at breakfast leads you to reject that extra, ultimate, torporific griddle-cake, nor is it patriotism which lands you at the station in time to catch the 7:51 for the city. Not by reference to a patriotism conscious of itself can we explain Mr. T. Cobb's batting average.

This condition of things is one that President Wilson would gladly change. For an America in which men do their day's work from many and various and specialized motives he would substitute an America in which work is done from motives fewer and nobler. He believes that work is likely to be better done if the worker's motive is high. In President Wilson's mind human motives are arranged in a hierarchy, with patriotism near the top. To him the world would be not only a more admirable but a more interesting place if all men could acquire the habit of looking about them, selecting the highest motive in sight, and then acting on it. To his mind there would be something congenial in the spectacle of such order and simplicity and uniform highmindedness. Such a world would at least be very unlike the existing world. It would be a little like a world of Woodrow Wilsons. For President Wilson is one of those exceptional men who act seldom upon impulse and mostly upon high motives carefully chosen. This consciousness of high motives is one explanation of his courage and his tenacity. When you are thoroughly convinced that your motives are right it is easier to believe that they must be impelling you along the right track.

Now, having got what I can out of the Flag Day speech, I wonder how I could ever have thought it just a series of highminded, unmeaning words. In appearance it is this, to be sure, but in reality it is self-revelation. "Save me, O Lord, from pumping into myself every morning feelings which can in me be sincere only by accident or on a special occasion." The man who made that prayer does not resemble Mr. Wilson. To keep company with high motives is part of the President's daily life. They do not lose their power over him. With them he goes up to the high places where he makes his lonely decisions, and to their voices he listens. Every day he invites them to his table, the same guests always—Patriotism, Humanity, Justice, Duty and the others. Their host knows how to put these abstractions at their ease by making them feel that he is one of themselves. The table talk would have shocked Horace Walpole. Such words as "sacred" and "solemnize" are heard oftener than the taste of the eighteenth century would have approved. There is a sudden hush at the table. The host is speaking, "When I think of the flag," he says, "it seems to me I see alternate stripes of parchment upon which are written the rights of liberty and justice, and stripes of blood spilt to vindicate those rights, and then, in the corner, a prediction of the blue serene into which every nation may swim which stands for these great things." Nor do Patriotism, Justice, Humanity and Duty see anything to criticize in their friend's rhetoric.

P. L.

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A Picture Book with an Index

A History of Travel in America, by Seymour Dunbar. In four volumes. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $10.00 net.

THE reviewer happens to be particularly interested in the subject of transportation in the United States because of its importance in our national development. He was attracted by the title of this work. He was still hopeful when he saw the four large octavo volumes with the many illustrations, of which a large number are successful reproductions of early prints; but he was frankly disappointed in the text. It is not "A History of Travel in America Showing the Development of Travel and Transportation from the Crude Methods of the Canoe and the Dog-Sled to the Highly Organized Railway Systems of the Present, together with the Narrative of the Human Experiences and Changing Social Conditions that Accompanied this Economic Conquest of the Continent." It is a collection of pictures. Many of them are good pictures, too, and they illustrate some phases of the ambitious claims quoted above from the title page.

Though without positive knowledge, the reviewer is led by internal evidence to believe that the author is primarily a collector of historical material illustrative of the development of means of travel in the United States. It is travel rather than transportation, for the human or personal element evidently appeals to the author strongly. In the course of his searches the collector has made some good finds, but the collection remains that of an amateur. In the first place, it is too irregular. There is no apparent distinction or appreciation of the difference between the good and the bad. Only an amateur would so frequently have accepted prints of the early nineteenth century to illustrate conditions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And in the next place, no expert would have been content with such indefinite descriptions and such uncertain ascriptions as are too often given.

Every collector acquires more or less knowledge about his particular hobby, and the present collector has gone much farther and has evidently spent a great deal of time in study and reading upon his favorite subject. There is a mass of information embodied in these volumes which is more than ordinarily accurate as to statement of facts. Some of this is valuable, and much of it is interesting, especially to a lay reader who knows little of the literature of the subject.

But if the collection is that of an amateur, the presentation of it is still more so. It is not until the middle of the third volume that the author reaches the subject of railroads, and the work ends abruptly with the completion of the first transcontinental railroad nearly fifty years ago. The short chapter following which professes to summarize recent developments is not worth mentioning. This disproportion and inadequacy is further emphasized by the devotion of an entire half volume to the relations of the Indians and the whites—the reviewer begs the author's pardon for not using his own term of "Caucasians." This interpolation, however, makes less difference to the reader than might be imagined, for throughout the greater part of this portion of the text runs a series of fascinating illustrations of stagecoach and canal travel.

The style is neither good nor bad, and the work is distinctly readable. Many a good story is told, and like every good storyteller, when the time arrives for a particular anecdote, if the opportunity is not given, the author makes one. Still it is a little irritating, especially to one who is seriously interested in the subject, to find the greater part of a chapter given to the unfortunate experiences of the Donner party on their march to California, and then to find the next chapter-head beginning "The Sufferings of the Donner Party not Typical."

Above all the index is the work of an amateur. A few years ago the reviewer was persuaded that he alone could make the index for a work which he had just edited of even larger scope than the one under consideration. When it was completed he was convinced that he had earned the gratitude of everyone, including the publishers, by condensing the index, through various ingenious devices, to the fewest number of subjects and to the smallest possible compass. It was a joy to him, but it was damned by everyone else, and six months later, having in the meantime forgotten the reason and method on which it was constructed, when he tried to use the index himself, he also joined in the chorus of condemnation. The reviewer now gladly acknowledges that he has met a master in his own field. The opening titles of the index run as follows: "Allegheny Mountains," "American Board of Missions," "American Philosophical Society," "Attitude of White Americans in relation to . . ." fourteen different subjects! If one wishes to look up New York he must seek it not under the letter "N," but under "Towns, Cities, Forts, Specific Places." If he wishes to look up the one-hoss shay, his chance to find it is not under "C" nor yet under "S," but perfectly naturally under "Wagons: Wheeled Vehicles, exclusive of Stage Coaches." George Washington was one of the many men who played an important part in the development of transportation in this country. If one wishes to find where Washington is mentioned in the text

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he must look not under "Washington," but, of course, under "Individuals," where apparently all the persons noticed in the four volumes are grouped together in pages of fine print.

It isn't pleasant to be so critical of a work that has so many good points; perhaps the chief objection, after all, lies with the claims of the title and the publisher's announcements. If only the emphasis had been laid upon the illustrations, some of these things would not have been said. The author reveals the true state of the case when he admits in the preface that the "illustrative material, with its attendant notes, is selected and arranged to form a flowing and connected story of its own, independent of the text." As a "pictorial history" or even as an "illustrated history" of travel, the work deserves more favorable notice.

MAX FARRAND.

A New Galsworthy Play

A Bit o' Love, a Play in three acts, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.

IN the center of Mr. Galsworthy's new picture is a liberator, a man whose opposition to the established order, being quite instinctive, thoughtless and kind, is merely a result of his sympathy with suffering things, of his passion for setting free all wild things imprisoned. By befriending friendless and maltreated horses he angers their owner. When he lets a bird out of a cage he makes its owner his enemy, even though he is willing to overpay her for the loss. But his enemies are few in this English "village of the West." Most of the villagers like their young curate, Michael Strangway, and are grateful to the kind hand that binds up their wounds. Although only one or two understand his passionate desire to liberate and to heal, only those whom it injures resent it.

There is, however, a good deal of gossip about Michael Strangway. Odd that his wife stays away so long. She was supposed to be far off in France, yet somebody has just seen her in a nearby town. She comes back at last, but stays only long enough to tell Strangway that she is in love with another man, a doctor who hasn't a penny without his work, and whom her divorce would ruin. She has always loved this other man. She has never loved Strangway.

> STRANGWAY. Never loved me? *Never* loved me? That night at Tregaron? [*At the look on her face.*] You might have told me before you went away! Why keep me all these——
>
> BEATRICE. I meant to forget him again. I did mean to. I thought I could get back to what I was, when I married you; but, you see, what a girl can do, a woman that's been married—can't.

It is a fine scene, simple and moving. "What am I to do?" asks Strangway. "What you feel in the bottom of your heart," she answers. And what Strangway feels is that he must let this imprisoned wild thing go.

In the rest of the play the news of this scene spreads among the villagers, and reaches the vicar's wife, and we see one of Mr. Galsworthy's very gentlest pictures of cruelty, of cruelty streaked with kindness and gratitude. Strangway's is a nature to which the villagers' treatment of him matters very much in itself, and hardly at all in comparison with his other sorrow.

Mr. Galsworthy has written more interesting plays. "A Bit o' Love" is thin, distinguished, rich in colored contrasts, freshly felt, a little old-fashioned, a little too explicit and even, in its delicate way, insistent.

Our Educational Prospect

Schools of To-Morrow, by John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $1.50 net.

PROFESSOR Dewey and his daughter have written a most exciting book. In schools all over the country they have seen the realization, probably in a more adequate and inspiring way than they ever dreamed they would see, of those ideas which, since Rousseau, educators have been preaching and professing, but which society, like a malevolent parent, has been blindly crushing out of its practical educational system. What was formerly hope has become reality. Those cool-minded patrons of sanity and order who feel that Rousseau must be scotched if the world is to be saved from barbarism and anarchy will be rudely disturbed by the freedom with which Professor Dewey quotes him, and by the amazing pertinence and clarity which he illustrates from that most fascinatingly human of beings. It is an old vision, this of having each child unfold his or her powers and tastes, gripping and adjusting the world to him, and himself to the world. And now this book makes us feel that we are really on the threshold of a wide realization of this vision, not only in the more favored classes, but with the extension of the Gary plan, on a genuinely comprehensive public scale. The success of Mrs. Johnson's school at Fairhope, Alabama, of certain public schools in Chicago and Indianapolis, of private schools like the Francis Parker, the Howland, the Cottage schools in Illinois, the elementary schools of the University of Missouri and of Teachers' College in New York, not to mention Gary, portends a revolution in methods and matter quite without parallel in the history of education.

To the reader of our younger American generation a book like this is not only exciting but tragic. Our enthusiasm for what seems to be in store for the next generation, and for what is already the fortune of the children in many advanced schools, scarcely overcomes the poignancy of what we have missed ourselves. Probably our country has seen no generation so miserably educated as we have been. As Professor Dewey says, the bookish education of our forefathers was comparatively harmless. The demands of the household, of small industry and agriculture, were so great and arduous that mere growing up was an education which fully occupied hand and mind, and created integrated and effective personalities. For the governing classes, book-learning, "liberal education," was a mere gilding mark of class-distinction; for the masses it was a gracious granting of the rudiments of civilized intercourse. It was harmless because it was supplemented at all points by the training of practical life.

But with the enormous specialization of industry, the disruption of the old household, the swelling of the cities, there has come for our town-bred generation a complete divorce of hand and mind. Our "education" remained what it had been, but it was supplemented at no point by practical life. It was an unconscionable amassing of dull facts, or the intellectual learning of artificial processes which we not only never applied ourselves but never even saw applied around us. Our child-life became an alternation of dull attention to unreal ideas, and wastes of manual idle-

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ness. That energy which might have gone into constructing things, learning from science how our modern world went round, getting acquainted with our community institutions and life, living an active and varied life in a school-community, where we got best "prepared for life as adults by experiencing in childhood what had meaning to us as children"—most of this energy went for most of us into idle play, overfed romanticism, obsessing sex-fantasy, or a quick dive into "blind-alley" occupations.

Those of us without any startling capabilities or vices settled down to a routine, closed to all except local interests and the humdrum facts of daily life. The majority of young men were swallowed up in specialized office or factory work, which made no drafts whatever on their interest or initiative, and against which they could only chafe impotently. The young women went into a sort of specialized idleness, with obsessions of dress and a restless search after diversion. Those of us with ambition and some kind of definite flair, destitute of training and cursed with absurdly inadequate notions of the complicated society in which we lived, could only flounder. The best enthusiasms got drained off into the shadowy ways of social idealism and "service" which too often ended in disillusionments and cynicism. Nowhere any tools we could grip, nowhere any knowledge for constructing them or skill for reworking what there was. Our education had neither given us the training with whose aid we could escape the rut, nor any sweet alleviations of tastes and culture to make endurable our ineffectiveness. One wonders if there was ever a generation more thoroughly dissatisfied with itself, and from which society had more cunningly removed the opportunities for self-expression and the chance to get intellectually and manually at grips with things. American industry, politics, letters, already feel the blight of this incapacity. Originality, picturesqueness, raciness of expression and attitude, daringness of social invention and experimentation, fine flair of decorative art, and even robustness of dogma, seem all to have been washed out of this colorless and uninteresting generation.

That this is not too harsh a picture is shown by the complaints of our elders, much more vociferous even than those usually brought by the old against the young. This book gives us the satisfaction that it is the evil lack of education which is responsible for this generation rather than a weakening of the human stock. Where youth finds its niche or gets its opportunity, it responds eagerly and capably. The tragedy has been that a repressive "education" which callously ignored the demands of life, has done its best, in ways which we are beginning to see as almost malevolently ingenious, to separate youth from its opportunity.

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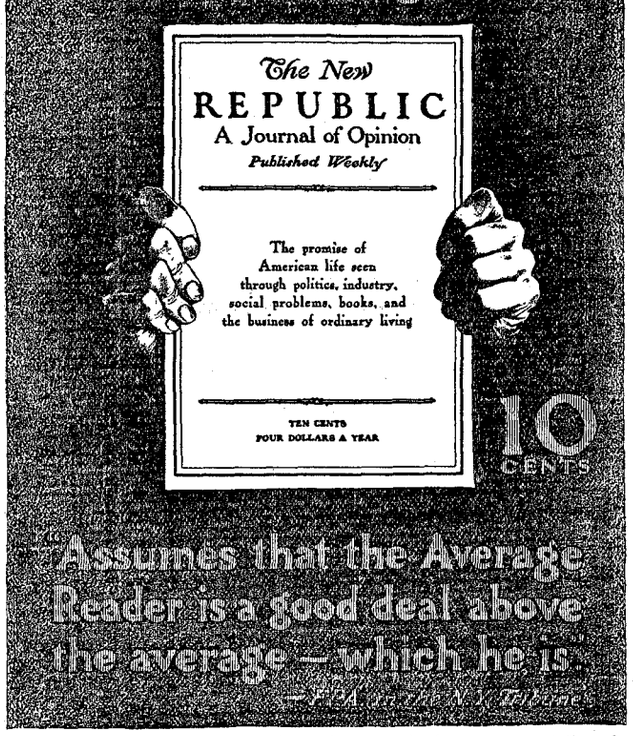

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